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Diary of the Week.

THE coal strike proceeds, and we can give our readers no certain hope of an early issue. One of the most experienced of the miners' leaders predicts a full fortnight. But as we write the general omens are encouraging. They are, in brief, the resumption of negotiations between the Government and the parties, obviously based on a further discussion of the rates in the miners' schedule; the good temper of the combatants—the majority of whom seem to look forward to a settlement, with the Government as broker; the absence of outrages; and the obvious fact that pressure to settle must come, on the one hand, from trade unions, especially those connected with the railway workers, whose members are being driven on to their funds, and, on the other hand, from the great English masters who, like Sir Arthur Markham, admit the general reasonableness of the men's demands. The miners are taking holiday, and it is only human for them to relish a brief respite from their hard and gloomy occupation. But it is the last act of meanness for papers taken by well-to-do people to taunt them with enjoying "billiards and champagne." Few Englishmen live less enviable work-

ing lives, and if their brief holiday is not bought at too high a price, and brings them a reasonable amelioration, the mass of their countrymen will wish them well.

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On the other hand, the social outlook is menacing. There is as yet no positive distress, but there is much inconvenience, and the whole industrial machine is slowing down. The railway services are being rigidly economised, and the daily journey to and from work in large towns is already difficult and delayed. The "Times" of Thursday estimated that 250,000 workers outside the mining industry were already idle, owing to the total closing of mills and factories or the fixing of half-time. But it is not probable that industry will be vitally, or very seriously, affected for another fortnight. The trades chiefly hit appear to be iron and steel works, the potteries, and shipping. A body of speculators in Cardiff are said to have laid up 100,000 tons of coal in view of famine prices. If so, we hope the Government will take powers to deal with such enterprises. The price of coal in London appears to have risen to 36s. and in Manchester and Newcastle to 40s. a ton.

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As to parleyings, no decisive progress can be reported. On Monday, the Prime Minister made a virtual confession of failure. Negotiations had, he said, come not to a breakdown, but to a deadlock, the miners insisting on treating their schedule of minimum as irreducible. He still hoped for a machinery of adjustment, and he implored all parties to help to reduce this "terrible national calamity." On Wednesday, this appeal was partly answered. Mr. Asquith and his leading colleagues were able to re-open negotiations with the miners' executive, and the Industrial Council began a series of examinations of the men's schedule. But the miners stand fast to their refusal to accept local variations of their rates, and the Coal Owners' Association in Scotland and South Wales still decline to accept even the principle of the minimum. They will take it, it appears, on coercion, which shows that they do not think it will ruin them. In the main, the root of their attitude appears to be the fear of Syndicalism.

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MEANWHILE, the suggestion of a Minimum Wages Bill is hung up indefinitely, and the Government avowedly aim at bringing about a voluntary settlement. One criticism of their action is that their collection of facts and figures seems to be somewhat inadequate and late. This appears to be the case. The Board of Trade were advised not to intervene until it was clear that negotiations between the parties were likely to fail. But that decision need not have been a bar to an informal examination of the schedule, and to a testing of its bearing on agreed and average district rates. Was any such process set up a month ago? We do not gather that it was. And if not, why not?

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THE Government have suffered a sharp blow in the defeat of their candidate, Sir Arthur Haworth, in South Manchester. The turnover of strength has been considerable. Whereas Sir Arthur, a strong local candi-

date, held the seat by a majority of 2,452 two years ago, he has now lost it by 579 votes. The Liberal poll has fallen greatly, and most of the lost votes have been directly transferred to the Tory side. The cause of the defeat is simple and unquestionable. An unsparing attempt was made to rally the warehousemen and clerks—of whom the constituency is largely composed—against the Insurance Act. A skilled defence of the measure was offered, but, we believe, refused by the local organisation, a sorry error for which a heavy price has been paid. The Government were quixotic in challenging a contest at such an hour, though nine months hence the venture would almost certainly have succeeded. The methods of fighting an Act which the Opposition accepted when it was a Bill represent a new form of politics. In any case it is short-range tactics, destined to be valueless as soon as the benefits of the Act begin to flow.

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A GREAT set back to the movement of woman suffrage has occurred during the week. Adherents of the Women's Social and Political Union began a campaign of window-smashing in the West End of London, which was chiefly aimed at great stores and drapery firms like Harrod's, Jay's, Gorring's, and Swan & Edgar's. About 200 women were arrested, among them Mrs. Pankhurst. They were severely dealt with. Mrs. Pankhurst was sentenced to two months with hard labor, and other cases were sent for trial. Meanwhile the Government, moved by a vehement and general measure of public anger, decided to treat this action as a criminal conspiracy. With this object the offices of the Union were raided, and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and Mrs. Tuke were arrested, and a great body of documents impounded. On Wednesday these persons and Mrs. Pankhurst were charged with aiding and abetting offences against the Malicious Damage Act of 1861, a conviction under which renders them liable to penal servitude. The defendants were refused bail, an action which we cannot understand or approve, for it places serious obstacles in the way of their defence. A warrant was also issued against Miss Christabel Pankhurst, but she is in hiding, and the problem of "where Christabel low-lyeth" is the talk of the town.

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MEANWHILE, the window-breakers have gone near to smashing the whole suffrage movement. Some Liberal and Conservative supporters of the Conciliation Bill propose to withhold their support, and its defeat on second reading is freely prophesied. We hope that this result will not accrue, if only for the reason that it is the end which the extremists of the movement desire. The Conciliation Bill has long been abandoned by them, and the enthusiasm which they still generate is now devoted to the singularly perverse object of prolonging the agitation without the prospect of an issue this year. They would, we suppose, take a Government Suffrage Bill, but they know that this is impossible. It is doubtful if the Cabinet any longer shows a majority for the suffrage, and advocacy of their cause has been weakened on both sides of the House of Commons. But if the suffrage can be saved, it ought to be saved. Who desires another year of violence and heat?

* * *

By a significant coincidence the Eighty Club dinner on Friday week in honor of Mr. John Redmond took place on the same day as Sir Frederick Pollock made public his conversion to Home Rule. Mr. Redmond's eloquent address was mainly devoted to a refutation of the latest and most ludicrous of Unionist arguments,

first, that Ireland is prosperous and therefore does not need Home Rule, and secondly, that she is peaceful and therefore apathetic. While recognising that there is to-day in Ireland a feeling of hope and of confidence, Mr. Redmond maintained that by comparison she is still "the most poverty-stricken and unprogressive nation in Europe." She was making an effort to retrieve her industrial position, but to claim this as a success for the Union was "the most audacious argument ever put forward in this country." As for the argument drawn from Ireland's peacefulness, let the Home Rule Bill be rejected, and people would speedily see if the mass of the Irish people were apathetic. The country would be thrown back into the welter of confusion and coercion, and was that coercion to be administered by the men who openly proclaim violence, intimidation, and defiance of the law in Belfast? All that Irishmen asked was what had already been done for Frenchmen in Canada and for Dutchmen in South Africa. This was a golden moment, when Englishmen might act with credit to themselves, without pressure, and amid the applause of the civilised world.

* * *

THE mutiny which broke out among some regiments in Peking last week, has not yet been repressed, though the capital itself is quiet. The soldiers had arrears of pay, and they seem to have had no object but loot. They burned on a large scale, and for two days created considerable alarm. Martial law was proclaimed on Saturday, and some civilian robbers were executed, but the authorities did not dare to punish the soldiers. The revolted regiments have now gone South in special trains, looting systematically on their progress through the provinces. At Chichau they killed Mr. Day, a missionary, who is said to have lost his life in attempting to check their excesses; but with this exception they have left foreigners and foreign property unmolested. Indeed, there is no reason to suspect any political design in this outbreak, but its wide extension, and the weakness of the authorities in repressing it, are disquieting though perhaps inevitable accompaniments of the transition. It is not surprising that unpaid troops should loot. But it is an alarming aggravation that no better-trained regiments can be trusted to deal with them. The widespread anarchy which the mutineers may cause in the Northern provinces cannot fail to make the new régime unpopular.

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THERE is, fortunately, better news in a telegram which announces that President Yuan has succeeded in contracting an arrangement for an immediate advance from the four foreign banks in Peking with the approval of the Powers. It is only for a million taels, but it will be followed by a more adequate loan. The Southern Government has also secured a loan, and this should mean, if the administration is honest, the payment of the troops and the restoration of order. Yuan's visit to Nanking has been delayed by the outbreak in Peking, but there now prevails a reasonable temper between North and South, and the former bickerings and mistrust have ceased. The South offered to send troops to repress the mutiny in the North, but this rather tactless proposal has been rejected without ill-consequences. So long as the two Governments act in harmony, there is probably no organised force which can trouble China, and the present anarchy may prove to be only a momentary consequence of an empty treasury.

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It would seem as if the mastery of the North Pole had been speedily followed by the conquest of the South.

Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, already famous for his conquest of the North-West passage and his location of the North Magnetic Pole, has arrived at Hobart, Tasmania, after his two-years' voyage in the "Fram." Thence he has sent a telegram to the "Daily Chronicle," through Christiania, saying, "Pole attained, 14th-17th December, 1911. All well." This would seem to be conclusive, for Amundsen is an explorer of high credit and skill. A report seems to have reached the United States that Captain Scott has also succeeded. Sir Ernest Shackleton, writing to the "Chronicle," thinks that Amundsen must have been favored by exceptionally fine weather, and that he probably found an easier route up the high plateau which guards the Pole than the one which his own expedition followed. He also suggests that Amundsen had a special advantage over Captain Scott in the fact that his party were accomplished ski-runners and experts in the training of dogs.

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THERE is one definite piece of good news from Persia. The ex-Shah has left the country at last. He was reported, first, as having landed on one of the islands in the Caspian, and then as having sailed for Baku. His "soldiers" have been paid with money advanced to Persia by the two Powers, and his pension, subject to a rather small deduction, will be continued. It is not creditable to their diplomacy that after proclaiming the forfeiture of this pension the two Powers should again have imposed it on Persia. While the Shah has this money, he will always be in a position to repeat his intrigues. The Persian Government is now debating with the two Legations the exact terms on which it is to recognise the Anglo-Russian Convention. It will be a grave derogation from its sovereignty if it is merely required to recognise a monopoly in the matter of concessions within the respective zones. But if the "Frankfurter Zeitung" is correctly informed, it is much more than this which is demanded—something amounting to a general management or control. We have never doubted that this would be the result, even of an economic partition. But to impose it in set terms would be an act of cynicism rare even in these days of predatory Imperialism.

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IT is not easy to follow the renewed confusion which has arisen under the Madero Government in Mexico. It is said to have done little or nothing to redeem its promises of political and agrarian reform, but its opportunities so far have been brief and its difficulties great. The present revolt is raging in precisely those districts which followed Madero in his rebellion against Diaz. Juarez has been taken by the rebels, Chihuahua is in revolt, and Torreon is said to have been taken. Mr. Taft's Government, with a great show of correctness, has in effect fanned the alarm. It has issued a proclamation of neutrality, and also warned American citizens to leave the country, with the inevitable result that there has been a stampede from Mexico City. No other Power has thought it necessary to issue such a warning to its subjects, and the question arises what motive Washington can have in taking a step which must lower the prestige of the Madero Government and gravely increase its difficulties. It is, of course, denied that intervention is contemplated.

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THE chief points of the debates on the Army Estimates have been Colonel Seely's defence of the Army rifle, which the Unionists introduced and attack, and his statement of a new Flying Corps for army and

navy, with headquarters at Netheravon on Salisbury Plain. Colonel Seely's general case was that the rifle was extremely reliable, that it stood first among its rivals in rapidity and accuracy of firing, and equal to them in stopping power, and that only in trajectory had other countries an advantage. Mr. Bonar Law, in his reply, made a rather feeble reaffirmation of a technical charge on a subject of which he has no knowledge, apparently on the ground that the rifle could not be good because it was going to be changed. But a weapon may be the best existing weapon, and yet not be perfect, and other nations may discover a better one.

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MR. ROOSEVELT'S "throwing of his hat into the ring" does not for the moment seem to have added to his popularity. All the talk of dictatorship and Napoleonic politics has been revived, and Mr. Roosevelt cannot by any verbal legerdemain explain away his declaration on his re-election in 1904, that "under no circumstances would he be a candidate for, or accept, another nomination." He has shocked the Republican sentiment of the States, and this essentially conservative instinct against personal rule is reinforced by alarm at his risky proposals for the "recall" by popular vote of obnoxious judges. Mr. Taft's chances of nomination as the Republican candidate are thought to have greatly improved. Mr. Roosevelt's following is a very mixed one, including, with a nucleus of Radical insurgents, some dubious financial groups, and some members of the Old Guard, who have a personal feud against Mr. Taft. The choice of delegates for the Republican Convention seems so far to be going decidedly against him.

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THE Powers are said still to be searching for a formula on which to base intervention in the Turco-Italian War, but so far without result. Nothing is known of their efforts at the Porte. The "Tribuna" repeats that Italy will offer "honorable" conditions to Turkey, provided her full sovereignty in Tripoli be acknowledged—a stipulation which the Turks naturally consider incompatible with honor. The idea of a descent somewhere in Turkey is apparently still entertained, though it may be an idle threat. According to the Politische Correspondenz of Vienna, which is at least a semi-official agency, no positive threat to this effect has been communicated to the Powers, but Italy has reserved her freedom of action, which seems to come to much the same thing.

* * *

WE regret to record the death of Mr. Edward Blake, at the age of seventy-nine. Mr. Blake played the dual part of a Canadian statesman—being successively Prime Minister of Ontario, a Federal Minister, and the leader of the Canadian Liberal Party, in the days before Sir Wilfrid Laurier came to power—and of a lieutenant of the Irish Parliamentary Party. In both capacities Mr. Blake illustrated the lofty character and unselfish aims which marked each step of his career. His style as a speaker was correct and highly finished, but perhaps he hardly adapted himself to the conversational levels which obtain in the House of Commons. He was a wise and prudent counsellor of his party, and his fine presence and temper gave it strength and dignity. Mr. Blake was a lawyer of eminence, and he practised, mainly on Canadian business, before the Judicial Committee of the Council.—Mr. George Grossmith, who died on Friday week at the age of sixty-five, was better known to the past than to the present generation of play-goers. He was one of the many artists whose gifts fitted nicely into the association of Gilbert's verse with Sullivan's music.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PROSPECTS OF SETTLEMENT.

THE minimum wage is a very good principle, and the Government did quite rightly in recognising it. It is a principle which the public in general will have to recognise in more ways than one. But we do not know that the best way of settling a very difficult and dangerous dispute is to concentrate on principles. The discussion of principles belongs to quiet times, and goes to shape the demands which men make or resist when the time of controversy comes. In that hour the way of peace is to look rather to the practical issue, to discover whether the differences of principle which both sides profess force them hopelessly asunder, or whether there is some way of bridging the gulf. In the case of the coal dispute this means a careful scrutiny of the miners' famous schedule; it means a process of discovering what figures the owners would set up against that schedule; it means an inquiry into the guarantees of fair output which the one side will demand and which the other will give. On all these points the public is inadequately informed, and it is lack of this information which shrouds the outlook in darkness. But it is probable that if the Industrial Council, the natural organ of the public for this purpose, were to obtain a full and reasoned statement from both parties, the practical differences separating them would not appear incapable of adjustment.

When the Government announced their acceptance of the principle of the minimum the incautious journalist threw his hat in the air, cheered the miners for their triumphant victory, and congratulated this happy land on the possession of a really democratic Administration which knew the needs of the people. The more cautious critics pointed out at once that, so far from being an assured victory, this was a result which it was by no means certain that the miners would accept. A minimum in the abstract means nothing, and the Government proposal involved the settlement of the actual figure in the long run by compulsory arbitration. Now, arbitration is dear to neither side in wage disputes, because there are no assured principles—above the subsistence minimum—by which wages can be fixed. But least of all is it dear to trade unionists, particularly since the experience of the railwaymen. The refusal of the miners was entirely intelligible to those who grasped these simple points, and what was made to appear so many as mere stubbornness by the way in which the Government's offer had been proclaimed as a triumph, was recognised by all who understood the situation as a piece of reasonable caution. On the other hand, the miners' refusal has undoubtedly made the Government's scheme in its original form impossible. No Minister could be prepared to accept a whole series of figures—figures varying, moreover, on grounds not plain to the public—to take these figures from one side without criticism or comment from the other, and simply turn them into law. That cannot be done. It follows that legislation with or without an arbitral clause is not applicable at the present stage of the dispute.

We have to return for the moment to the method which ought not to have been relinquished, the method of voluntary agreement. But voluntary agreement, many will say, is hopeless, because of the notorious stiffness of Scotland and South Wales. The miners demand a national settlement. They will, they declare at present, make no terms for one district till all are included. But South Wales and Scotland will not settle on the basis of the minimum wage, so what need we, asks the objector, of further evidence? Compulsion alone, he concludes, can end the war. But compulsion on what lines? Not on the Government lines, for these the miners will refuse, and it was only some humorist who wanted to drive the miners underground at the point of the bayonet. Not on the miners' lines, for this involves the impossibility of enacting a one-sided and uncriticised schedule. On what lines then? This, we would reply, is exactly what we have to find out by the process suggested of examining both sides, and discovering a possible basis of agreement between those portions of each which are anxious to agree—that is to say, between the English owners and men. If such a basis of agreement can be found it will be the next step, and not by any means so difficult a one, to impose it on the portions which are unwilling to agree. If a schedule of prices with given guarantees is accepted in England, public opinion will insist that a corresponding schedule with corresponding guarantees shall be accepted in Wales and Scotland. Once assured that a certain basis is practicable by its actual acceptance by owners and men, the public will not tolerate the delay of a settlement by the refusal of a section on either side to come in. If public opinion is insufficient, it would then at last be the time for the Government to take decisive steps.

What, then, are the chances of agreement? Warwickshire was already working on the basis of the minimum wage, and it is admitted that in that coalfield there was no cause of dispute. Derbyshire, and the Midlands generally, are known to have no domestic causes of quarrel. The Lancashire owners have made special overtures to their men. In all these cases it is clear that the terms of the miners raise no substantial difficulty. The truth is that the figures of the schedule were cut down by the men themselves. Anxious to avoid a strike, they reduced the figures where they appeared doubtful or positively unreasonable, and that is why they have been more than ordinarily stiff about the schedule as finally set forth. Mr. Asquith, who had had excellent opportunities of hearing both sides of the case, himself told the men that he did not suppose that more than twenty or twenty-five per cent. of them could have anything to gain from this minimum. That is to say, they do not represent an average wage. They are, in the main, what they profess to be, the minima which would level up the lowest wages—the bottom twenty per cent.—but would not secure the average itself as a daily minimum. That we believe to be roughly the state of the case, though a correspondent in another column, who signs himself "X," states with some confidence that the minima of the men's schedule do represent an actually agreed and working average rate of earnings. But the men's leaders have to prove, to the satisfaction

of the Government and the public, what relation their figures bear to the current rates. They cannot expect us to take a row of numerals as sacrosanct. They have not the authority of a ballot for their minima. They possess that authority for the principle, but for nothing more than the principle. The figures were fixed by the Conference and can be adjusted by the Conference. Now, if the considerations mentioned above are sound, it does not seem likely that the fullest examination would in fact develop the necessity for any serious deduction from these calculations. If they have not been fully explained, they have not been seriously disputed. What is most probable is that the owners, broadly accepting the figures as a standard, would demand a small deduction in case of insufficient output as one of their guarantees. There is no reason in the past history of the negotiations leading us to believe that the men would refuse this form of guarantee. On these lines, therefore, it is quite probable that a conditional agreement could be reached, not only in the Midlands but in the Federated Area, and possibly in the whole of England. The condition would be that Wales and Scotland should come in or be brought in, and to secure the fulfilment of this condition should be the Government's next work. In any case, negotiation on detail, slow and cumbrous as it necessarily is, must now take the place of discussion of principle. The sword has failed to cut the knot, and it must now be carefully unravelled, with all the speed that the complication of the task allows.

THE MISTAKES OF SYNDICALISM.

A NEW revolutionary spirit and policy, to which is given the name Syndicalism, are said to be driving to new and violent courses the workers in our industrial centres. The British trade-unionists, hitherto opportunists in method, fragmentary in their demands, distrustful of theories and large general plans, are breaking away from their old traditions, and passing under the influence of French doctrines of revolt. Such is the view widely set forth in the press, and illustrated from one or two wild pamphlets circulated in South Wales, and a paper entitled "The Syndicalist" which Mr. Tom Mann is editing. French Syndicalism, though it sometimes pretends to be a philosophy, and is expounded by M. Sorel and others in elaborate formulæ, is in essence nothing more than a sharp reaction of the organised workers against political methods, and an eager desire to make extreme experiments with the weapon of trade unionism. Disgust with the slow pace and ineffectiveness of labor legislation and with the Parliamentary tactics of Socialist members, coinciding with a rapid rise of trade union organisation in the shape of local *Bourses du Travail* and the national "Confederation," have brought in France the wide acceptance of a policy, couched in the alluring phrases, "direct action" and "the general strike." Why plough slow and difficult furrows of a political field in which the representatives of labor are always outwitted, deluded, or corrupted, when a short, sharp, united action of the workers in their proper field of

industry can do all that is required to secure for them control of their destiny? Let labor confine itself to the use of its powerful economic weapons, the strike, the boycott, the trade union label, "sabotage," preparing the way for a single great *coup*, a simultaneous stoppage of all work, which must paralyse the social system and bring the capitalist classes to their knees. So, by a revolutionary use of passive resistance, supported, if needs be, by active violence (on this point authorities appear to differ), the workers would be able to dictate their own terms, to assume the control of the several industries, and to govern them through the "Confederation."

Such is the general character of the new Socialism, interpreting the class war, and the doctrine that labor is the sole source of wealth, in the light of federated trade-unionism. To the practical questions of method, how the workers can themselves stand a test of endurance in which the food supplies will belong to the well-to-do classes; how, if they have recourse to violence, they can defeat the organised forces of the State; how, if they succeeded, they could with any success undertake the colossal task of industrial reorganisation, to such questions no intelligible answers are given. Indeed, there is a naïve theory to the effect that no answers are required. For, as Mr. Harley points out in his able and judicious article in this month's "Contemporary Review," the prophets of the movement astutely plant themselves upon a sort of mystical faith in irrationalism, a trust in the actual current of events, which is spoiled for action by too much calculation of consequences. The teaching of Bergson is audaciously turned into support for what is in effect blind revolutionism.

Now, there has been just enough disappointment with the Labor Party in Parliament, and with the carefully constructed machinery of collective bargaining in the organised trades, to create in this country an atmosphere favorable to these ideas of "direct action" and "the general strike." Neither legislation nor quiet trade-union policy has enabled the workers to maintain their standard of living against the encroachments of rising prices, much less to continue the gradual improvement to which they were accustomed. Moreover, as Mr. Rowland Kenney shows, in an interesting paper in the "English Review," the "Syndicalist" can point to a series of immediately successful strikes last year in support of his plea for the efficacy of "direct action." But the people of this country, though not insusceptible to ideas, never take their ideas "neat." We doubt whether even the more excitable miners in South Wales ever seriously entertain the notion that, by a series of violent obstructive efforts, they can secure for themselves the possession and management of the mines. No number of Tom Mans or Vernon Hartshorns will be able to pump so simple a faith into the minds of the mass of the workers in the British unions. It is, indeed, likely enough that the new spread of education in economic and political subjects among the younger generation of workmen will modify the older opportunism, and may even stimulate more ambitious methods and demands. The wide vogue which the "minimum wage" has

acquired, as a formal expression of a policy of general validity, may be regarded as an instance of the effect of growing education to impart clearer consciousness and consistency to an idea which always underlay the gropings of the labor movement. This clearing of ideas in a class-consciousness is undoubtedly a factor of importance in the present and the future. It may even lead trade unions to press demands which are impracticable, either in themselves or in the pace at which their fulfilment is urged. But, as Mr. Kenney admits, it is not likely to induce the wholesale adoption of Syndicalist ideas and methods in this country. In such countries as France and Italy the disbelief in the efficacy of Parliamentary methods is widespread and lasting, and is supported by the actual current of political events. But among the rank and file of our work-people no such rooted disbelief exists. It would be manifestly impossible for Syndicalists in this country to invite the workers as individuals, or their trade unions, to abandon politics and confine themselves to perfecting their methods of direct action. Even those labor leaders who are most pronounced in their disparagement of the present Labor Party, accusing them, unjustly, of neglecting opportunities and of sacrificing "organic remedies" to "mere ambulance work," do not propose to throw over the hope of mastering some day the Parliamentary machine and using it to work material benefits for the workers. Difficult and slow as the process of building up the State upon a genuinely democratic basis may be, the solid working-class organisations in this country, as in Germany, will never abandon this salutary task in favor of an exclusive reliance upon outside voluntary associations. The whole notion that the workers can by their trade unions master the industries of the country, impose their own economic government, and construct a State within the present State, is a dream.

On the contrary, the trend of events in this, as in other countries, shows that trade unions must, as they evolve into permanent and representative bodies, come into closer formal and organic relations with the State. In countries like Australia and New Zealand they have become essential structures in the working of industrial legislation, and here also they are beginning to take a regular and necessary part in the administration of Labor Exchanges and National Insurance Laws. It may well be true that a sharp use of the strike is likely to occur in individual trades as a means of dealing with the stronger organisations of capital, and that the growing consciousness of the interdependence of certain trades may express itself in sympathetic strikes of a character to cause very grave embarrassment to the general public. But in our judgment, these experiences will impress upon our people the necessity of securing by legislative action such conditions of employment in the fundamental industries as shall reduce to a minimum the likelihood of these outbreaks of economic force. The doctrine that, in a quarrel between capital and labor in a great national industry, the nation either possesses no right of interference, or cannot hope to exercise effectively such right as it may possess, will finally disappear from the arena of serious

controversy before the present coal-war has reached a conclusion. The workers, in their capacity of wage-earners and consumers, will have learned a lesson in the social structure of industry, and having learned it, they will recognise the necessity of devising some public machinery for stopping these destructive survivals of the habit of private warfare.

PRIVATE FIRMS AND PUBLIC SERVANTS.

THE relationship which ought to prevail between the State and private firms with which it does business is one of the problems which no modern community has yet wholly succeeded in solving, and in the end perhaps it admits of no solution at all. The trade in armaments has now become one of the greatest and most profitable of the world's industries. At its head in every first-rate Power stand men whose commercial success must largely depend on the relations which they are able to establish with the governing class. Inevitably and naturally their staffs merge, by social and business ties, with the inner circles of politics and society. Krupps links its dynasty by marriage with the exclusive Prussian aristocracy on the one hand, and acquires on the other control of a newspaper which helps to make the policy of the Conservative group in the Reichstag. A tie of marriage linked the chief of our own armament firms with a great sailor, who was at the time a Lord of the Admiralty. The cordite controversy served to remind us that the Birmingham armaments industry had at its head members of the family indispensable to the Unionist Opposition. The demand for a panic ship-building programme had its origin in information conveyed by the industry to the leaders of the Opposition, and it was part of the case presented to justify the vote of censure, that the Government had shown want of consideration in dealing with the armament firms. The danger and anomaly of the position is not diminished when we remember that most of these firms are also contractors to foreign Governments, and that some of them maintain establishments in countries which are officially reckoned among our naval competitors. The industry has become international, and in the oddest ways its most unlikely members have shown themselves capable of business combination across frontiers which their cannon are cast to guard. Schneiders and Krupps are the leading French and German firms, on whose behalf the Embassies in Constantinople wage an incessant competition. Yet at the acutest stage of the Moroccan controversy financial groups representing these two firms contrived to secure a concession to work the iron ores of Algeria, and even to operate the mines of Morocco itself. At the doors of every Government there lies in wait an industry whose interest is in strife and competition, an industry, moreover, whose interests all over the world are so nearly identical that a panic and a rivalry, which each and all of them can do much to promote, would bring its profits equally to the very firms which are building against each other. What may be ruin for London, and Paris, and Berlin, is prosperity for Newcastle, and Creusot, and Essen. The secrets of the rings and alliances which unite these firms

at home and abroad are closely guarded. But we know enough to realise the need for vigilance.

The announcement that two permanent officials occupying distinguished and confidential positions have, on their retirement from service, joined the Board of Armstrongs as Directors, illustrates more clearly than any other recent incident the risks which now confront us. Sir Charles Ottley was until the other day the Naval Secretary of the Defence Committee, and in this and other high and confidential posts must have had access to all the inner secrets of our defensive services. Sir George Murray was up till last year the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury, and was therefore the official head of the department which controls national expenditure. We can well believe that Armstrongs has reason to congratulate itself on these two accessions to its Board. Both of its new Directors are able men, and both of them know, as intimately as any two men can know them, the "ropes" of our bureaucracy. The weight of experience, of confidential knowledge, of social and official ties which has thus been added to the resources of a firm competing for contracts could hardly be exaggerated. The impropriety of this nomination in the case of Sir George Murray has drawn a measured remonstrance from the "*Morning Post*." To our thinking, the other appointment is even more open to criticism. For Armstrongs is not merely a firm competing for British contracts; it is a firm which owns a large and prosperous establishment in Italy, and builds for most of the Powers of second rank throughout the world. The knowledge which Sir Charles Ottley carries with him can now, we must assume, in some degree be at the service of a Power which belongs to the Triple Alliance, and is, in name at least, our competitor in armaments. However secure the reputation of these two veteran officials may be, the example which they have set is perhaps the worst which could be held up to the services. Henceforth it will be in the mind of senior men, whether at the War Office, the Admiralty, or the Treasury, that such valuable appointments are open to them at their retirement. They must constantly meet, officially or socially, the agents of firms which might so reward them, and in their dealings the tempting thought can hardly fail to insinuate itself in their minds, that a public servant who stands well with a great contractor may look to him in his declining years for a very valuable and remunerative post. The impropriety, thus bluntly stated, is so gross that the mere statement sounds offensive. But the indelicacy and the impropriety lie with those who transgress a tradition, and not with those who formulate the criticism.

We are inclined to doubt whether the relationship between a State and an armament firm admits of a satisfactory solution. If all the Great Powers did their own shipbuilding, and manufactured their own ordnance and armour-plating in Government yards, we should expect to see a notable decrease in their rivalries and a significant abatement in the demand for panic programmes. But failing such a remedy as this, we look to the Government to defend the traditions of its services. Its officials while they continue to draw pensions ought not to be beyond its control. It should

be clearly laid down that no officer or civil servant in this position may accept an appointment under a private firm without the consent of his chiefs. The rule need not be harshly administered, but it ought to bar absolutely such obviously improper nominations as these.

THE FUTURE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THERE is a form of shouting politics which came into Unionism about the time when Mr. Balfour went out, and which means rather less than its trumpeters assume for it. The object, the tactics, of this movement are quite evident. First, it aims at whetting the appetite for office in a body of gentlemen some of whom have long been deprived of its sweets, while others have never enjoyed them. This is a natural stimulus for a party which is now mainly led by ambitious young men, long discontented with over-subtle and rather *faint*-leadership, and witnessing with growing concern three successive failures to touch the imagination of the electorate. And it has had obvious results in Tory strategy. Mr. Balfour's game, so far as it was a game, was that of presenting the country with a peaceful vision of the old Conservative policy as an alternative to the shameless riot of the new Radicalism. With that end, he lost no chance of hinting that any additions he might make to the established Tory programme would only be very little ones. Meanwhile, he maintained a good, single-handed fight in the Commons against the most powerful Liberal Bench ever assembled since the days of the great Gladstone Ministry, and kept his reputation for Parliamentary dialectics at its highest level. But he made one fatal error. Conservative by private instinct as well as by public policy, he looked coldly, not only on Tariff Reform, but on the new ambitions which grouped themselves conveniently around it.

Clearly, therefore, a new and more flexible leader was necessary. He was found in Mr. Bonar Law, an intelligent, cultivated, not at all egoistic personality, with a fluent habit of rather unconsidered rhetoric and a gift for the positive statement of highly disputable facts. Fortune followed the unfolding of Mr. Law's banner. Mr. Balfour had seemed to oppose nothing; Mr. Law opposed everything. He was really supposed to be a Tariff Reformer, and he was therefore relieved of Mr. Balfour's common round and daily task of re-assuring his party to that effect. Moreover, the situation was highly favorable to "shock tactics." The Parliament Bill had become an Act, and the first task of the Coalition—that which united it as one man, and was sealed by the double assent of the electorate—was complete. And there was the Insurance Bill. Under Mr. Balfour's leadership the Conservative Party had saved themselves with property by bestowing an abstract blessing on the principle of contribution. It was, therefore, open to them to gain electioneering capital by damning it in action. This was done with a fervor which showed how completely regard for precedent and the binding character of Parliamentary engagements had disappeared from the new Parliamentary party.

Violent words, violent counsels, were freely unchained in Great Britain and Ireland. An open bid was made for early office; and a run of Liberal failures at by-elections, predicted by the author of the Insurance Act as a necessary consequence of the wait between premiums and benefits, and of the unfamiliarity of compulsion as applied to the easy-going routine of British working-class life, has seemed to point the way to success.

Thus far the revival of militant Toryism has justified itself. But the disadvantages of a strategy aimed merely at immediate electoral effects are obvious. The Government have made mistakes, and have revealed weak spots in policy and in *personnel*. But they remain greatly superior to their opponents in Parliamentary skill, and in intellectual energy and resource. With Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour out or half-out of politics, their opponents can count no figure of popular attraction or of persuasive power. Mr. Law, Mr. Long, and Mr. Chamberlain are of the class who fill Cabinets but do not lead them. Mr. Smith, their new recruit, a pushful Mayor of the Palace behind the rather drab figure of the new King, has vigor, but if he possesses a true political mind, he puts merely the dregs of it into party controversy. The moral and intellectual apparatus thus revealed to the view of the British people is thoroughly second-rate—a poor equipment of character, ability, and experience.

What true preparation for power is being made by a body so inadequately led? It is winning by-elections on a measure which twelve months hence will be a normal and indispensable part of the nation's industrial life. What is its stock in the future? It has no labor policy. It has no Irish policy. It is doubtful whether it has even a tariff policy. Ideas have been swept off the field in order to make room for a campaign of electoral picture-posters, daubed with Mr. Garvin's slapdash coloring and careless draughtsmanship. But when the country gets over its irritation with the Insurance Act, with the strike, and with the suffragettes, and when the problems of home and foreign policy re-emerge in their due and fair relationship, it will not come to the conclusion that its Government is in the hands either of knaves or of fools, or that its substantial interests have suffered through the association of Liberalism with Irish and labor statesmanship. The basic ideas of the two parties will then be revealed afresh. It will be seen that Liberalism stands for Free Trade, which is essential to British industry, and Toryism for Protection, which is destructive of it.

But no one disputes that the Government's immediate course is beset with some perils. South Manchester was a mere act of thoughtlessness on the part of a usually alert and provident Whip. It was thoughtless to expose the Government to criticism of the Insurance Act, at the most delicate and uncertain stage of its organisation, in a constituency composed largely of clerks and warehousemen. These classes were, of course, threatened with the loss of wages with which their employers will certainly not have the power to visit them, even if they have the inclination. They may stand to lose a trifle for short periods of sickness. In that case the provision

against phthisis and invalidity will more than outweigh it. But though the attack was boldly made, and was enforced by the organised opposition of the doctors, the defence was slurred, and the issue went by default. This can hardly happen to the Act as the period of its enforcement approaches. Is it likely to break down in action? The answer is that this is impossible. Terms will certainly be arranged with the doctors. The great danger—the opposition of organised labor—is already removed. When the measure comes into operation in the summer, some millions of members of approved societies will experience an instant reduction in their accustomed payments. Six months later the effect of the maternity benefit, one of the wisest provisions of the Act, will be felt in scores of thousands of homes, and the social value of the measure and its relief to wages will be fairly realised. A heavy blow has been struck at one of its principles—that of contribution—and when the Chancellor next overhauls his scheme, the effect of the blow must be fully considered, and if necessary repaired. Advanced politicians did not press for a contributory Bill; many never believed in it. Demagogic Toryism has forced its weaknesses and difficulties to the front.

If the Insurance Act cannot destroy the Government, but should fortify it when clear ground is reached beyond the confusions of the hour, what is to hinder it reaping the full fruit of a normal programme and term of office? It has no divisions of any account. Its *personnel* and that of its followers are somewhat overworked, and its programme is over-loaded. But Governments, like individuals, recover from fatigue, if only their daily task be congenial. The Ministry's Parliamentary defence against a somewhat unready and inexpert debater will be easy. And its two main tasks of Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment open up familiar and not unpopular ground. The two great Imperial achievements of the Government have been the pacification of South Africa and India. No man of the smallest political imagination can be indifferent to such an asset of safety as a reconciled Ireland. Toryism was attracted to it a few months ago, and made a dozen hesitating steps towards it before drawing back in fear of its Ulster bravos. And it is a great error to suppose that modern Anglicanism is as fixed to the State association as its mere business managers would have us suppose. Much, therefore, that is vital and important still lies before the Government and the Liberal Party. The Government alone possesses the vital attractions of personality and political genius; it alone holds a position of authority and amenity between militant labor and the community; it has a great question, that of the land, before it. If it can end or greatly mitigate the Anglo-German quarrel, and establish a fair industrial peace, it will keep its already high character for achievement. But it must sit tight, adjust its electoral strategy to a passing difficulty, and begin to cultivate and instruct the neglected and unsettled constituencies. Then its shadowed hour will pass, as it has passed before.

H. W. M.

Life and Letters.

THE WORLD'S CATFISH.

Two large books on the fishing industry have lately appeared—Mr. Walter Wood's "North Sea Fishers and Fighters" (Kegan Paul) and M. Marcel Héribel's "Sea Fisheries" (Fisher Unwin). One is English, the other French, and both treat exhaustively of the various processes of deep-sea fishing, especially of trawling, and of the fish-markets, prices, wages, transport, the risk of exhausting the supply, and similar subjects. Both are admirably done, though they strongly illustrate the contrast of French and British manners. But in their account of transport, both, we think, omit to mention one peculiar device that seems to us ingenious in itself and significant as a parable. Perhaps the authors have never seen the thing in action, for the invention of artificial ice has made it old-fashioned, or even obsolete. And yet we should be unwilling to allow it to disappear from memory unrecorded.

Before the hustling days of ice and of "cutters" rushing to and fro between Billingsgate and our fleets of steam-trawlers on the Dogger, most sailing trawlers and long-line fishing boats were built with a large tank in their holds, through which the sea flowed freely. Dutch eel-boats are built so still, and along the quays of Amsterdam and Copenhagen you may see such tanks in fishing boats of almost every kind. Our East Coast fishermen kept them chiefly for cod. They hoped thus to bring the fish fresh and good to market, for, unless they were overcrowded, the cod lived quite as contentedly in the tanks as in the open sea. But in one respect the fishermen were disappointed. They found that the fish arrived slack, flabby, and limp, though well fed and in apparent health.

Perplexity reigned (for the value of the catch was much diminished) until some fisherman of genius conjectured that the cod lived only too contentedly in those tanks, and suffered from the atrophy of calm. The cod is by nature a lethargic, torpid, and plethoric creature, prone to inactivity, content to lie in comfort, swallowing all that comes, with cavernous mouth wide open, big enough to gulp its own body down, if that could be. In the tanks the cod rotted at ease, rapidly deteriorating in their flesh. So, as a stimulating corrective, that genius among fishermen inserted one catfish into each of his tanks, and found that his cod came to market firm, brisk, and wholesome. Which result remained a mystery until his death, when the secret was published and a strange demand for catfish arose. For the catfish is the demon of the deep, and keeps things lively.

This irritating but salutary stimulant in the tank (to say nothing of the myriad catfishes in the depths of ocean!) has often reminded the present writer of what the Lord says to Mephistopheles in the Prologue to "Faust." After observing that, of all the spirits that deny, He finds a knave the least of a bore, the Lord proceeds:

"Des Menschen Thätigkeit kann allzuleicht erschaffen,
Er liebt sich bald die unbedingte Ruh;
Drum geb' ich ihm gern den Gesellen zu,
Der reizt und wirkt und muss als Teufel, schaffen."

Is not the parallel remarkable? Man's activity, like the cod's, turns too readily to slumber; he is much too fond of unconditioned ease; and so the Lord gives him a comrade like a catfish, to stimulate, rouse, and drive to creation, as a devil may. There sprawls man, by nature lethargic and torpid as a cod, prone to inactivity, content to lie in comfort swallowing all that comes, with wide-open mouth, big enough to gulp himself down, if that could be. There he sprawls, rotting at ease, and rapidly deteriorating in body and soul, till one little demon of the spiritual deep is inserted into his surroundings, and makes him firm, brisk, and wholesome in a trice—"in half a jiffy," as brisk people used to say.

"Der reizt und wirkt"—the words necessarily recall a much older parable than the catfish—the parable of the little leaven inserted in a piece of dough

until it leavens the whole lump by its "working," as cooks and bakers know. Goethe may have been thinking of that. Leaven is a sour, almost poisonous kind of stuff, working as though by magic, moving in a mysterious way, causing the solid and impracticable dough to upheave, to rise, expand, bubble, swell, and spout like a volcano. To all races there has been something devilish, or at least demonic, in the action of leaven. It is true that in the ancient parable the comparison lay between leaven and the kingdom of heaven. The kingdom of heaven was like a little leaven that leavens the whole lump, and Goethe says that Mephisto, one of the Princes of Evil, also works like that. But whether we call the leaven a good or evil thing makes little difference. The effects of its mysterious powers of movement and upheaval are in the end salutary. It works in like manner as the catfish, that demon of the deep, preserves the lumpish cod from the apathy and degeneration of comfort, and as Mephisto, that demon of the world, acts upon the lethargy of mankind, working like yeast, stimulating, driving to production, as a devil may.

"A society needs to have a ferment in it," said the late Professor Sumner of Yale, in his recently published essays (Oxford University Press). Sometimes, he said, the ferment takes the form of an enthusiastic delusion or an adventurous folly; sometimes merely of economic opportunity and hope of luxury; in other ages frequently of war. And, indeed, it was of war that he was writing, though himself a pacific man, and in all respects a thinker of obstinate caution. A society needs to have a ferment in it—a leaven, a catfish, a Mephisto, the queer unpleasant, disturbing touch of the kingdom of heaven. Take any period of calm and rest in the life of the world or the history of the arts. Take that period which great historians have agreed to praise as the happiest of human ages—the age of the Antonines. How benign and unruffled it was! What bland and leisurely culture could be enjoyed in the exquisite villas beside the Mediterranean, or in flourishing municipalities along the Rhone! Many a cultivated and comfortable man must have wished that reasonable peace to last for ever. The civilised world was bathed in the element of calm, the element of gentle acquiescence. All looked so quiet, and yet all the time the little catfish of Christianity (or the little leaven, if you will) was at its work, irritating, disturbing, stimulating with salutary energy to upheaval, to rebellion, to the soul's activity that saves from bland and reasonable despair. Like a fisherman over-anxious for the peace of the cod in his tank, the philosophic Emperor tried to stamp the catfish down, and hoped to preserve a philosophic quietude by the martyrdom of Christians in those flourishing municipalities on the Rhone. Of course he failed, but had he succeeded, would not the soul of Europe have degenerated into a flabbiness, lethargy, and desperate peace?

Take history where you will, when a new driving force enters the world, it is a nuisance, a disturbing upheaval, a troubling agitation, a plaguey fish. Think how the tiresome Reformation disturbed the artists of Italy and Renaissance scholars; or how Cromwell disgusted the half-way moderates, the Revolution jogged the sentimental theorists of France, Kant shattered the Supreme Being of the Deists, Byron set the conventions of art and life tottering aghast. Take it where you will, the approach of the soul's catfish is watched with apprehension and violent dislike, all the more because it saves from torpor. It saves from what Hamlet calls:—

"That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat—
Of habits devil."

In the present Futurist exhibition in Sackville Street, one of the most notable pictures is called "Rebellion." The catalogue tells us that it represents "the collision of two forces, that of the revolutionary element made up of enthusiasm and red lyricism against the force of inertia and the reactionary resistance of tradition." The picture shows a crowd of scarlet figures rushing forward in a wedge. Before them go successive wedge-shaped lines, impinging upon dull blue. They represent, we are told, the vibratory waves of the revolu-

tionary element in motion. The force of inertia and the reactionary resistance of tradition are pictured as rows on rows of commonplace streets. The waves of the revolutionary element have knocked them all askew. Though they still stand firmly side by side to all appearance (to keep up appearances, as we say) they are all knocked aslant, "just as a boxer is bent double by receiving a blow in the wind."

We may be sure that inertia with all its monotonous streets does not like such treatment. It likes it no more than the plethoric cod likes the catfish close behind its tail. And it is no consolation either to inertia or cod to say that this disturbing element serves an ultimate good, rendering it alert, firm, and wholesome of flesh. However salutary, the catfish is far from popular among the placid residents of the tank, and it is fortunate that neither in tanks nor streets can the advisability of catfish or change be submitted to the referendum of the inert. In neither case would the necessary steps for advance in health and activity be accepted. To be sure, it is just possible to overdo the number of catfish in one tank. At the present moment in this country, for instance, and, indeed, in the whole world, there seem to be more catfish than cod, and the resulting liveliness is perhaps a little excessive, a little "jumpy." But in the midst of all the violence, turmoil, and upheaval, it is hopeful to remember that of the deepest and most salutary change which Europe has known it was divinely foretold that it would bring not peace but a sword.

THE MONKS OF ISLAM.

THERE are, even in savage Albania, abodes of peace, where men withdraw themselves from the world, renounce the rifle and the blood feud, and, for the ecstasy of contemplation, exchange the joys of warfare and chivalry and revenge. The writer remembers well his visit to such a monastery nine years ago in Prizrend. The tribes were still in revolt within the great fastnesses of the mountains behind the town. Within it Servians went delicately, in daily fear of massacre. The Turkish Pasha kept his carriage harnessed, recollecting the fate of his neighbor, whose ears a few weeks past had been cut off, because they were hard of hearing when the voice of liberty assailed them. The cafés talked rebellion and tyrannicide. In far Belgrade, King Alexander was facing the assassins, and in the Slav villages of the plains the bands were gathering and arming. But in the monastery garden the old Abbot tended his stocks, for the sun burned warm in the blue heavens, and the fragrance of his many-colored favorites still scented the clear air. A brook came rushing down from the snows of the Shar Dagh, and he led it patiently in the first fresh hours of the morning, and again in cool of the evening, among his crowded beds. He talked with a gentle reverent mien of climate and seeds, and of the rare forms of stocks which grew, he had heard, in Austrian gardens. The double-eagle which others saw hovering in menace over the passes, carried for him only strange new flowers in its invading talons. He dallied over his courtesies and his hospitalities, and at last he spoke his mind. His order stood, he said, for unity and love. It believed that all religions were one, and held in its habit of contemplation and its aspiration for absorption in the divine, the solvent which melts the barriers of fanaticism, and unites the jarring creeds. To his toleration there were no limits, but he had endured at Christian hands a rebuff which troubled him. Once in the middle years of his manhood he had left his garden and his monastery, and had made a journey to Rome. His object was to assert the unity of all religions, by giving a fraternal salute to the Pope. He reached Rome, and made his purpose known to the Pope's officials, but an audience was denied him. Perhaps, he added, the Pope had never known of his presence in Rome. Perhaps he would, had he known, have accepted the salutation of a Mohammedan. He had waited many weeks, but waited in vain, and at last he returned,

disappointed, to Prizrend. The memory troubled him, but still he held that nothing really divided the Christian from the Moslem. It was strange that the Pope, who was, he heard, a very saintly man, thought otherwise.

It is singular how little even the learned world in Europe knows, or has cared to know, of the Moslem monastic orders. Travellers come and go and enjoy the peaceful hospitality of their *tekés*. Tourists gape in the great towns at the extravagances of their rites, guessing dimly at the symbolism behind them. Scholars have translated portions of their mystic poems. But the destined interpreter has not yet passed the gate of initiation, or penetrated the secrets which for millions of Moslem minds complete and explain the bald affirmations, the positive beliefs, of orthodox Islam. We have before us a book which attempts something of this task. Miss Lucy Garnett in "*Mysticism and Magic in Turkey*" (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons) has collected a great store of curious learning about the various monastic orders of Turkey. Here you may read much of their legendary origin, glance at fragments of their symbolical poetry, and follow curious descriptions of their rites of initiation, their singular cults, and their costumes and habits. The author's competence and industry are beyond doubt and praise, but her book is none the less a somewhat external catalogue which renders little of the spirit, and hardly attempts to translate the thought, of Turkish mysticism. The central fact about it all is, to our thinking, that it represents the revolt of non-Semitic races against the arid simplicity of Mohammedanism. The Arab is the least metaphysical of all the nobler races of mankind, and the Turk is satisfied with an elementary intellectual life. It is among the other races, conquered or absorbed into Islam, from the Persians in the East to the Albanians in the West that mysticism flourishes. How much of Islam is really left among the initiated is a secret at which the unbeliever can only guess. Professor Browne in "*A Year among the Persians*" has drawn a fascinating picture of the days and nights of daring speculation, ranging from ecstatic Pantheism to witty Scepticism, in which the alerter minds of Shiraz indulged before the revolution had turned their thoughts to politics. For our part, we confess to a total ignorance (beyond the little which can be learned from books) about the classical Turkish order of Dervishes, the Mevlevi, who probably are the most spiritually-minded and the most cultured of them all. But chance has more than once brought us into contact with the Order, which is the most popular in the European provinces. The Bektashi sect is known to history because of its traditional connection with the Janissaries. Perhaps because these formidable corps were all of European blood and Christian origin, the Order became almost the recognised Church of the Greek and lower Albanian regions, and from them it may have drawn something of its spirit, which is as little Turkish as Arabian. It came from the East, but it developed in the West. To it belonged the old Abbot of Prizrend, the disappointed pilgrim of Rome. To it also belonged a little group of "*Young Turks*" (Greek by race, but Moslem by creed) whom the writer knew in Crete.

Miss Garnett confines herself in her elaborate book to the professed initiates of the Orders, who take the vows and devote themselves to a life of contemplation within the monastery. But each *teké* is a centre for hundreds or thousands of lay adherents, who are partly bound by its vows and largely permeated by its spirit. They attend its periodic festivals, listen to its preachers, and profess a pride in the teaching which separates them from the vulgar crowd of the orthodox. The writer's lay Bektashi friends in Crete would talk of tolerance and charity as their central belief, and deplore the madness of the civil wars amid which they lived. Their heterodoxy had made them fruitful soil for the seed of the Young Turk movement, and they had in fact two social centres. One was the Old-World monastery in its olive-grove hard by the site where Sir Arthur Evans has uncovered the Palace of Minos. The other was a little club in Candia town, which they had stored with a French library to aid their studies in Western culture.

An intelligent Bektashi, who wishes to enlist the sympathy of a European for his Order, will generally begin by suggesting that it is a development (or, more probably, he will say the original form) of Free Masonry. It unquestionably has something of the spirit of Masonry in its most positive and aggressive period—the Masonry of the Revolution, which Tolstoy describes in its Russian manifestation in "War and Peace." It bases itself on a mystical teaching, which is independent of revelation, and because it does this, it is prepared to regard all revealed religions as equally open to its tolerance, because they are all equally partial and pedestrian in their scope. We have met Bektashis who would even assert that there was nothing to prevent a Christian from entering their Order; but they would candidly add that Christians had so far been singularly blind to this opportunity. What secret lies behind the closed door of doctrine which only the initiated can enter, is a matter for constant speculation. The Turks have their own suspicions, and the more rigid of them have not scrupled to conclude that the Behtashis are no better than Giaours, and worthy of the same persecution. Our own guess is that the Order really belongs to the Shiah sect, and conceals its sympathies from the dominant orthodoxy of Sunni countries. But there is an even darker possibility than this. We once sat talking of the Bektashis with two cultivated Albanians. Both had been bred in the shadow of the *teke*, and one was the nephew of a venerated hereditary Abbot. Their fathers and their brothers were all initiates, and they had grown up in a circle which guarded the cherished secret as its guilty and glorious possession. They fenced and they hinted for a time. "Well," said one at last, "I should hesitate to say that the Bektashis are Moslems at all." "Shall we tell him?" said the second, with a mischievous smile. "What's the harm?" came the answer. And then we heard the secret. It is that in the final stage of initiation the complete Bektashi whispers a curse on Mahomet, and denies that he was a prophet. We do not know how near this revelation may come to the fact. It is more likely, we think, that the secret doctrine in some way involves the placing of Ali above Mahomet in the hierarchy of prophets. But certainly, whatever it is, it is a dangerous and fundamental heresy. It is one of the world's greatest jokes, that this Order, sprung from forced conversion and based on the invincible powers of the Janissaries, took its revenge in secret by denying the religion in whose name it conquered.

A traveller is perforce a Philistine in these abstruse matters. What deeper truths of theology the Order has to teach, we frankly do not know. In some form it preaches Pantheism, and it has a jolly way of attaining oblivion of the base particular and the merely finite. A Bektashi Abbot will have his own simple, literal way of interpreting Hegel's ideal of the God-intoxicated man. Let other Dervishes dance themselves dizzy, or cut themselves with knives. He does not disdain the logic of the grape. He will shamelessly roll two barrels of red and white through his hospitable door when he entertains you, and insist on filling your tumbler alternately from each. He is good to men and good to beasts, good even to Christians. We have heard of an Old-World Bektashi Abbot who went about with bells on his feet to warn the little creatures of the field of the approach of his destroying soles—for Metempsychosis is part of their creed. Why was it, we wonder, that the Pope of Rome refused to meet the Moslem Abbot of Prizrend, whom the stocks praise when they bloom, and the dogs thank when they howl, and the grasshoppers shrilly bless as they chatter in the grass? Was it because he feared to meet a better Christian than himself?

THE BRITISH BULL.

THE wind that has just become a March wind dries our upland arable like magic, and a plough is out to give it the turn that will make it a seed-bed. Such a plough

it is, in its essentials, as farmers have used here these thousand years; but, more remarkably, the team is such a one as farmers elsewhere have discarded these fifty years. Four patient oxen shoulder the tackle, and draw the gleaming ploughshare through the soil where perhaps the Romans first harnessed their forerunners. Their brightly parti-colored hides give a dash of romance to the equipment that the glossiest horses cannot give, a note of challenge that makes us wonder whether the horse shall not pass and the ox come into its own again.

Time was when the draught-ox was as carefully bred, selected, and trained for work as the Clydesdale or Suffolk punch of to-day. The need for it added a complication, though not a serious one, to the problem of the cow as an all-round beast. To-day we have strains that are good for milking and useless for beef, other strains that are butchers' cattle and not dairymen's, but a growing number of herds that supply at once excellent milkers and steers that will fatten. Nobody knows which of them would supply now the best teams for the plough or waggon. Perhaps, if the horse had not stepped in, there would by now have been a gladiatorial bovine family with the qualities of the Clydesdale and the added economical virtue of eatableness after life's labors have ended. As it is, the fire of our bulls is being wasted, and a noble race of animals appears to be destined to sink into the last unredeemed stage of docile domestication.

The triumph of man's dominion over the animals is rarely so brilliantly exemplified as in his mastery of the lord of his herds. The bull, unlike the stallion, is a fighting beast in every inch of his fibre. It is not enough that he should be clothed in thunder as to his neck. He is himself a thunderbolt or an avalanche of fire and muscle, spiked at the front with that which gave us the idea of bayonets for our infantry and rams for our Dreadnoughts. From his spring-girt loins to his great, charging shoulders, the lines of his back ripple and increase like the swelling of a wave, of whose thunder his head, couched in mountains of muscle, is the climax. Whatever may be the gentle lines of his cow, bred for placidity and aptness to exploitation, the bull refuses to surrender the heritage of the wild aurochs from which he is descended. However much we may clothe him with fat, he retains fire enough, if he should be aroused, to launch it with a shock that eclipses that of a leaner beast. He suffers more at man's hands year by year, the breaking-point of his temper recedes, but always there is a breaking-point, beyond which he becomes more terrible than his lightly-provoked, wild, and almost prehistoric progenitor. He can bide his time like the elephant, and we have known a bull to chew over his grievance for a day, or even more, then snap his chain like a pack-thread, and run amok through the homestead.

What a fall there is, if only in word, from aur-ochs to ox, just as there is from bos to beeve. In common parlance, "ox" to-day means less than bull and less than cow. It is as though we should make the word "man" mean, as no doubt it often has meant, merely the slaves of the species. There is no word but the clumsy "bovine" to connote the species or the genus to which our noble bull belongs. We sympathise with Mr. Lydekker in his attempt to restore a broken word to its lost dignity by naming his book of cattle "The Ox and its Kindred" (Methuen). Yet the attempt seems doomed to failure. It even fails in its first phrase by the choice Mr. Lydekker has been compelled to make of a neuter pronoun. By analogy we should have to write "Man and its Kindred," or "Homo Sapiens and its Kindred." We prefer the generalisation of the unagricultural lady who describes all the cattle she meets with as bulls. Yet we are sorry for the aurochs, and if only Mr. Lydekker had had the courage to call his ox a he, we would have done our best to support him. We would have shifted the word "steer" to the back of the patient ox, and we regret to find Mr. Lydekker applying it indiscriminately to the young of cattle.

The aurochs of the German forests struck the imagination of Caesar, who had known only the tame Italian cattle, on account of their size and strength and

speed. He said that they were in magnitude little inferior to elephants. Even his daring mind did not suggest that they might be used, like elephants, as a charging force in warfare. It was left for De Wet to make an avalanche of cattle to break down the barbed wire fence of the blockhouse system. But there is a fleeting picture of great attractiveness in the annals of ancient Britain of warriors mounted upon bulls—kind of lancer cavalry that, if it could have been got to work, must have been more effective than even the scythed chariots. In the Flint Age we encountered the aurochs in its prime. There is, in the museum at Cambridge, a complete skeleton of one of them, pierced with the flint implement that may have slain it. It seems a little idle to ask which of our many cattle best represent the aurochs, for its blood runs purely, we suppose, in the veins of most of them, an occasional double-curved horn probably acknowledging a dash of humped cattle or zebu. The best of it may have been chosen for conversion into the beasts that are most dissimilar from the original, and no doubt the black Pembroke, and still more the Chillinghams, would be the laughing-stock of their wild ancestors. If Caesar should come to the Agricultural Hall at Christmas he would be still more struck than he was in Hercynia at the resemblance of some cattle to elephants.

We do not forget that the aurochs had a contemporary in Europe in the bison, which long survived him in the wild state. There is no more magnificent animal painting of the Palaeolithic Age, scarcely one of any age, than that found in the Altamira caverns in Spain, showing in all its maned and heavy-chested magnificence the European bison as it appeared to the early hunter-artist. Why was the bison rejected and the aurochs taken by our long-ago ancestors as their bovine experiment in domestication? For some reason it was the unhappy breed here and in America, or perhaps the happier breed in that it suffered extermination instead of domestication. From what Mr. Lydekker says, it seems that we should have had better beef if the African buffalo had become the dominant race of domestic cattle. Then, in India, there is the gaur, at present "the handsomest of all the living species of wild cattle," standing sometimes six feet and even seven feet high at the shoulder. The modern farmer cares not for such measurements. They may be attained by long-legged beasts not nearly so heavy as his short-legged and compact stock. He will challenge them all with his Aberdeen-Angus hornless "beast," weighing 3,000 lbs. when ready for the butcher. And if there is any commercial demand for an animal seven or even eight feet high, the breeder can give it you in a reasonable number of years.

The bull that was domesticated by the ancient Britons is to-day, for good or evil, the bull of the world. America, north and south, Africa and Australia clamor for our prize Herefords, shorthorns, Aberdeens, and others for the continual renovation of their herds, and it is English beef, fed on far outlying fields, that comes back to us for our sustenance. The proneness of cattle to disease helps us here, for the Continent is seldom free from foot-and-mouth disease, while we have lately had a comparatively clean bill of health. The fact, on the other hand, prevents us from getting fresh blood, and some Dutch breeds that are favorites in America cannot be bought in England. It is rather astonishing in these circumstances that we should be able to produce the great beef-producers that we do, for, generally speaking, the smaller the country the smaller the animal. The smallest of all wild cattle, for example, little exceeding an American antelope in size, is an inhabitant of the Celebes, and the next smallest belongs to the Philippines. Domestication abrogates the rule, and for many years to come Great Britain will be the home and the university of domestic cattle. Mr. Thompson Seton threatens to plant sub-Arctic Canada with the yak, and raises the prospect of quite a new kind of beef for the staple food of a part of the English-speaking race. We are confident that our tough Scottish cattle would run the yak to the edge of the pine belt, and that carefully selected

descendants of the English aurochs will beat out of the field in most parts of the world the other cattle as respectable in their origin but less potent in their civilisation.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE THEATRE.

III.

THE POSITION OF THE ACTORS.

In Shakespeare's time, the relations existing between the author and his actors were often strained. Those who interpreted the characters were blamed for more faults than their own, while the author, who was out of sight, had his reputation depending upon the skill of his interpreters. The actors, besides, were the author's paymasters, and often gave less for a new play than they paid for a silk doublet, while at the same time they were the absolute owners of all the dramas they produced. It was natural, then, for authors to taunt the actors with being men who thrived by speaking words which "better wits had framed."

The hired player, however, fared no better than the authors, and it was only those actors who had the right to pool the theatre takings who became rich. Before Shakespeare was forty years of age, he was earning a competent income out of his shares in two playhouses. No other dramatist of his time occupied so fortunate a position, nor probably one more isolated. As the son of a tradesman, brought up at a grammar school, he would have no standing among scholars, and as a writer of plays he was the "upstart crow," taking the bread out of the mouths of those who had paid for a college education. Then the historical dramas which brought the "Globe" fame and fortune were not calculated to please at Court, because neither the Queen nor the nobility cared to see their ancestors walking the public stages, unmasked, showing authority robbed of its sanctity and of its sincerity. Across the Thames, at his own "Blackfriars," the children of the Chapel Royal, backed by Royal favor, were rapidly becoming the attraction among the leaders of fashion and culture. These patrons upheld a class of entertainment with which Shakespeare had no sympathy. So the master spirit of the Elizabethan drama, like Beethoven, withdrew from the crowd to work out his own destiny, and to perfect himself in an art that fascinated him, and for which his practical life in the theatre, and his independence, gave him exceptional opportunity for experiment. During his last ten years in London he wrote some dozen or more plays, all of them of supreme merit. That they were dramas far in advance of the requirements of the day is probable, since few of them were printed during the poet's lifetime.* Some of them, perhaps, like "Troilus and Cressida," were acted "not above once." He had outgrown, indeed, the theatrical taste of the day, and now only cared for plays which were "well digested in the scenes," meaning well constructed. But this was an achievement which no dramatist of his time attempted, unless it was Ben Jonson, who wrote artificial comedy after the classical models. Shakespeare, however, wanted the art of the theatre to imitate Nature, and he contrived to make speech and story appear natural; and, indeed, his contemporaries mistook this art for Nature, and thought it the work of an untutored mind and an unskilled hand. Even to-day many actors are under the impression that Shakespeare would have sanctioned as improvements the liberties now taken on the stage with his plays! Perhaps, too, his own fellow-actors failed to interpret the plays altogether in accordance with his wishes; and yet his art is so vital and so vividly impressed on the printed page of the "authentic copies," that there is little justification for misrepresenting it. There is an anecdote relating to Mrs. Siddons, that when reading

* "Othello" was not printed until 1622, about twelve years after it was first produced on the stage; nor did the three Roman plays, nor yet "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," nor the "Tempest" find a publisher before 1623.

over the part of Lady Macbeth, after she had retired from the stage, she was amazed to find some new points in the character "which had never struck her before," a confession that would seem incredible were it not known how apt English actors are to base the study of their parts, not on the context, but on stage traditions, which often are valueless, because unauthorised. Yet no actor can defend a conception of character that is shown to be at variance with the author's text.

The only copies of Shakespeare's plays which can with any authority be called acting versions are the quartos published during the poet's lifetime, and these are not acting versions in the modern sense of the term, because, with the exception of textual errors, or abbreviations of dialogue, there is no shortening of the play by the omission of entire scenes or characters. The early quartos, with the notable exceptions of the 1604 "Hamlet" and the 1609 "Troilus and Cressida," have the appearance of being made up from actors' parts, or taken down by shorthand writers during performances. In consequence, they are less esteemed by the literary expert than are the folio copies, yet to the actors they provide information which cannot be found elsewhere. That in some of these quartos the text is corrupt may be explained by the difficulty of taking down dialogue spoken rapidly from the stage, but at the same time it is unlikely that the note-takers went out of their way to describe any movement that they did not actually see carried out by the actors. From the title-page of "The Merchant of Venice" it is evident that the copyist saw the play acted differently from the way it is now acted. Take, for instance, the head-line which is worded: "The comical Historie of the Merchant of Venice"; and the title-page, which sets forth the "extreme crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh, and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests." These two stories, which are continued in alternate scenes throughout most of the play, were to the Elizabethans regarded as of equal importance. To-day the title-page would have to be re-written, and might run thus: "The tragical Historie of the Jewe of Venice, with the extreme injustice of Portia towards the sayd Jewe in denying him three thousand ducats in lieu of cutting a just pound of the Merchant's flesh, together with the obtayning of the rich heiress by the prodigal Bassanio." Over the Shylock controversy enough ink has been shed without adding more, but the shortening of all the Portia scenes, and the omission of the Prince of Aragon, one of the three suitors, and one who provides excellent comedy, are indefensible mutilations.

The title-page of the 1600 quarto of "Henry V." mentions Henry's "battell fought at Agin Court, in France, togither with Auntient Pistoll." "Swaggering Pistoll," like Falstaff, had become a delight to the town. The play is, in fact, not a "chronicle history," but a slice out of history, and not of well-made history either, since the real evils of Henry's unjust wars are not touched upon, and Shakespeare's King is an endless talker, whereas the real one was the most silent of men. It was ostensibly a Jingo play, written to open the "Globe" playhouse with patriotic flourish of trumpets. Its object, besides, was to please those Londoners who had not forgotten 1588, when Englishmen faced a similar ordeal to that at Agincourt, and came out victorious, not because they had the means but the men. The thrilling moment of this drama, to the Elizabethan playgoer, was the sight of a handful of starved and ragged soldiers winning a battle over an army of overwhelming odds, one which contained all the pride and chivalry of the French nation, who were paraded before the enemy in their finest accoutrements. To these, *Enter the King and his poore Souldiers*, is the Folio stage-direction. On the modern stage, however, this direction is ignored, and probably has never been noticed. The whole evening is taken up by the exhibition of a handsome young prince, beautifully dressed, and spotlessly clean, fresh from his Bond Street tailor, together with a large number of equally well-dressed and well-

fed soldiers, who tramp after him on and off the stage, not a penny the worse for all the hardships they are supposed to have encountered. Of the French episodes, two are omitted and the rest mutilated, while no prominence is given to them, nor is the numerical superiority of the French indicated. Nothing is seen of them beyond the speakers and their one or two attendants, who are thrust into the contracted space of a front scene. It seems rather an upside down way to act the play!

Perhaps, to the actor, the most interesting of all the early quartos are those of "Romeo and Juliet," because they best illustrate the application of Shakespeare's art to the stage of his time. From them it may be inferred that Shakespeare's characters did not always retire from view when they had finished speaking their lines. This, perhaps, was a necessity due to the presence of spectators on the platform, who made, as it were, an outer ring round the forefront or acting part of the stage. Romeo therefore did not leave the stage in the balcony episode, where Juliet is made to call him back again. He merely retired to the side of the stage, among the noblemen. The Nurse, in Romeo's banishment episode, is directed to enter and knock, when she would come in at the door of the tiring-house and remain at one side of the stage, probably knocking the floor with her crutch. After three knocks she is marked to enter again, when, on hearing her cue, she would move from the side into the centre of the stage and take part in the dialogue.† In this same quarto she is directed to snatch the dagger from Romeo,‡ another evidence that this traditional "stage-business," hitherto done by the Friar, did not originate in Shakespeare's time. These quartos, too, show characters moving from one street to another. Mercutio, Benvolio, and Romeo, by walking round the inner stage, appear to be moving towards Capulet's house.§ No doubt this "business" was done to keep the gallants on the stage from chattering during a performance; the forefront of the platform had always to be occupied by actors, and the story to be hurried along.

Of the extremely interesting first quarto of "Hamlet," and its probable history, something will be said in the next article. But here a protest must be made against our actors ignoring three stage directions in this quarto, which have dropped out of subsequent editions, and which elucidate the context. Ophelia, in her mad scenes, did not bring in flowers, but had a lute in her hands. There would be no need for the Queen to describe so minutely Ophelia's flowers at the time of her death if she had previously been seen with them. The ghost, on his appearance before the mother, wore a dressing-gown, not armor, probably the same gown he wore at the time of his death; Hamlet is overwhelmed with pity and horror at the sight of his father. Ophelia's body was carried to the grave in a coffin by soldiers, with a solitary priest following in the rear, who refused to approach the grave or to take further part in the ceremony. It is the funeral of a suicide.

WILLIAM POEL.

† *Enter NURSE, and knockes.*

FRIAR. Arise, one knockes;
Good ROMEO, hide thy selfe.

ROMEO. Not I,
Unless the breath of Hartsicke groanes,
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.
Knocke.

FRIAR. Harke, how they knocke:
(Who's there?) ROMEO, arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand up.
Knocke.

Run to my study: by and by—God's will,
What simpenesse is this! I come, I come.
Knocke.

Who knocke so hard?
Whence come you? What's your will?
Enter NURSE.

Folio 1623.

‡ He offers to stab himselfe, and NURSE snatches the dagger away.—1597 Quarto.

§ They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with napkins.—1599 Quarto.

The Drama.

TWO PLAYS AND THE CENSOR.

"The Next Religion." By Israel Zangwill. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Secret Woman." By Eden Phillpotts. (Duckworth. 1s. 6d. net.)

My readers will, I hope, pardon me for reviving the eternal topic of the Censorship, but events have just provided such an excellent working model of its action that its opponents owe a further object-lesson to the public. On one aspect of the new situation we may fairly congratulate ourselves. The dramatic critics themselves are practically united. The opposition is no longer confined to new dramatists or old-fashioned Puritans, or even to those students of the English play who desire that it should take its due place in contemporary life as an interpretation of the morals and manners of the age. This time, the entire critical world—Philistines and children of light alike—have been shocked to see "*Dear Old Charlie*" on the licensed stage and "*The Secret Woman*" outside it. They have been shocked, in the first place, over a gross mis-direction of the play-going public. A few days ago, Mr. McKenna, who must now be regarded as fully responsible in the House of Commons for the doings of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, gave us to understand that Mr. Phillpotts's play was unfit for production as it stood on the ground that it contained five passages of "so objectionable a character" that he was "most unwilling" to read them out. I have read "*The Secret Woman*" twice over. It contains no such passages. It is impossible for one even to guess where Mr. McKenna supposed them to occur. From the first Act to the last the drama does not contain a sentence which a scrupulous writer need be ashamed to have written, or a sensitive hearer, brought up in the most modest traditions of English literature, could be offended by hearing. In dialogue, as in conception, Mr. Phillpotts's drama is something that "*Dear Old Charlie*" is not. That is to say, it describes passion or moral offence delicately, while Brookfield-Labiche describes it coarsely or with double meaning, with winks and nods addressed to a rakish audience. "*Dear Old Charlie*" treats intrigue conducted without feeling, and falsehood used to cover its track, as an amusing, brilliant, and successful pursuit; "*The Secret Woman*" makes of concealed passion, accompanied by deep feeling, a whip to scourge the men and women who indulge it, and rather roughly brings in the innocent second generation to share the disaster. In other words, the one is a moral play, the other is an immoral one; the one is naturally palatable to a serious public practised in Old Testament morals and literature; the other is light Gallic cynicism, coarsened in its English dress. The author of the second work, sitting in judgment on the first, sets up the drama of the Restoration as a model against the better modern type of poetic melodrama. There is not a literary tribunal in the world that would not pass Mr. Phillpotts's play for production on the stage; there is not a publishing house in Great Britain that would refuse to set its name to such a work, or would call for the elimination of a single passage. How Mr. McKenna could venture on such a characterisation of it passes all understanding; and the fact adds a curious offence to the ineradicable defects and scandals of the Censorship.

But a further issue is raised by the Censor's action in refusing a license to Mr. Zangwill's play, "*The Next Religion*." If this action had stood by itself, and if we were at the beginning of the battle of the Censorship, it might not have been easy to make the public realise its offence. For "*The Next Religion*" is, in half-a-dozen passages or metaphors, the sort of piece that the

irreligious man calls profane. Deep answers to deep; shallow to shallow. The crowd always treats the religious reformer as a blasphemer. But those who know what faith is, know also what doubt is; they know, too, when religion is being treated sincerely. Mr. Zangwill, indeed, is exempt from criticism on this score, for much of his writing has revived in Christian minds the image of Jewish piety which is one of their earliest and richest spiritual associations. He is also a modern dramatist, with the special gift, as his "*War God*" sufficiently shows, of explaining and illustrating some typical figures and perplexities of our time. In "*The War God*" he tried to exhibit one of its salient contradictions—its pursuit of and apparent belief in physical force, and the extreme spirituality of its finest thought. In "*The Next Religion*" he endeavours to describe another line of disturbance—the war of science and religion, and the endeavor of many honest open-minded men to serve these causes, or to unite them, and to find forms and ceremonies satisfying both instincts and tendencies. So that, in the line of drama, Mr. Zangwill is trying to do what Matthew Arnold, or Dr. Martineau, or Tolstoy, or Professor Harnack have tried to do in the line of literature.

Now all this may be unsuitable material for the theatre, and after reading "*The Next Religion*," I am free to confess that I found it now and then intractable even in Mr. Zangwill's ingenious hands. Mr. Shaw seems to think that Mr. Brookfield, as a Catholic, could not pass such a play because he could not be a party to the hideous spectacle of a Protestant nation discussing its religious problems on the stage. But hundreds of thousands of Englishmen weekly and daily discuss them, and I should be much surprised if a representative audience of Churchmen and Nonconformists, orthodox or other, would find matter of offence in "*The Next Religion*." For Mr. Zangwill holds the balance quite fairly. He does not make it at all clear whether he thinks Stephen, the parson, who finds his new scientific church, was right, or Mary, his wife, who stands by the old one. He gives Stephen the logical victory; he gives Mary the triumph of tears and remembrance. And he does show that he understands what has troubled and torn asunder thousands of families whose life is contained in this generation and the two generations that are past. The treatment is free, for it shows men divided about religion, and bitter for the truth as they conceive it, speaking as men in such a mood always speak. But that is part of the drama of the subject, and it is not unduly pressed.

Here, therefore, is the radical case against the Censorship, added to the conservative case. The latter is, of course, the more powerful, because it exhibits the Censorship, a department of State, associated both with the Court and the Government of the day, as favoring immoral conventional work, and disowning the better kind of conventionalism. But the drama is a thing of life. It moves, quite like the earth itself. An entirely fresh spirit is astir in it. And the main direction of this spirit is moral. Our new dramatists are nothing if not moralists. Mr. Shaw is the ironic moralist, strictly following the Molière tradition of showing up accepted practice or doctrine in politics ("*John Bull's Other Island*"), medicine ("*The Doctor's Dilemma*"), morals ("*Mrs. Warren's Profession*"). Brieux is a didactic moralist, seeking, among other things, to undo in young men's minds the easy drift that most of his licensed brethren set up towards sexual vice. Tolstoy (in "*The Power of Darkness*") is an ideal moralist, seeking to show how a Christian society ought to live. The most sincere and vital work of these men may be and is turned off the English stage by the author of the worst piece now being played in London. Mr. Zangwill is just allowed

to preach peace to a nation that spends a hundred millions a year in preparing for war; but Mr. Shaw must not write a tract on conversion for a community which is losing all faith, pagan or Christian.

So the Censorship grows daily a more palpably wicked institution, for, like the licensed brothel, it sets the stamp of the State on evil in the name of the people's good. The once popular vision of it as a beneficent, moralising agent,

"upraising with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressing the bad,"

is gone, if it ever existed, and the harm and loss it inflicts become daily more obvious. It separates the drama from the main stream of our literature, damming up the broadest and healthiest sources of enrichment, so that it dwindles down to a trickle of amusing vanities, so shallow that the age cannot see its face therein.

H. W. M.

Art.

THE FUTURISTS.

At the Sackville Gallery is to be seen a small collection of work by this group of Italian painters. The catalogue contains a manifesto of their aims and beliefs. This, at least in the English translation, is by no means closely reasoned or clearly expressed; it might have been better to allow us the assistance of the original Italian.

It is interesting to find painters who regard their art as a necessary expression of a complete attitude to life. Whatever one thinks about the content of their strangely Nihilistic creed, one must admit that they hold it with a kind of religious fervor, and that they endeavor to find an expression for it in their art. Fortunately, too, their dogmas appear to allow of great variety of treatment or method, so that, as yet, no stereotyped formula has been evolved, and each of those artists pursues his researches along individual lines. None the less, admitting as one may the sincerity and courage of these artists and their serious endeavor to make of art a genuine expression of spiritual experience, I cannot accept without qualification their rash boast of complete and absolute originality, even supposing that such a thing were in itself desirable. Rather what strikes one is the prevalence in their work of a somewhat tired convention, one that never had much value and which lost with the freshness of novelty almost all its charm, the convention of Chéret, Besnard, and Boldini. It is quite true that the Futurist arranges his forms upon peculiar and original principles, breaking them up into fragments as though they were seen through the refracting prisms of a lighthouse, but the forms retain, even in this fragmentary condition, their well-worn familiarity.

Apparently what is common to the group is the belief in psychological painting. The idea of this is to paint not any particular external scene, but, turning the observation within, to paint the images which float across the *camera obscura* of the brain. And these images are to be made prominent in proportion to their significance, while their relations one to another have the spacelessness, the mere contiguity of mental visions. Thus, in rendering the state of mind of a journey, the artist jumbles together a number of more or less complete images of the home and friends he is leaving, of the country seen from the carriage window, and of anticipations of his journey's end.

These pictures are certainly more entertaining and interesting than one would expect to result from such an idea, and one or two of the painters, notably Boccioni (in his later works) and Severini, do manage to give a vivid pictorial echo of the vague complex of mental visions. If once they give up preconceived ideas of what sort of totality a picture ought to represent, most people would, I think, admit the verisimilitude of several of these pictures—would own that they do correspond in a curiously exact

way to certain conditions of consciousness. Unfortunately, the result is much more of a psychological or scientific curiosity than a work of art, and for this reason that the states of mind which these artists investigate are not really at all interesting states of mind, but just those states of quite ordinary practical life when the images that beset us have no particular value or significance for the imagination.

The idea of painting from the mental image is no new one, though it is one that artists might well practise more than they do. Blake roundly declared that to draw from anything but a mental image was vain folly; but he drew from mental images only when, stimulated by some emotional exaltation, they attained to coherence and continuity of texture. Probably a great many of Rembrandt's sketches are the result of distinct mental imagery, but it was a mental imagery stimulated by reading the poetical prose of the Bible. The fact is that mental visions, though they tend always to be more distinctly colored by the visionaries' own personality than external visions, are almost as various in their quality, and are, as often as not, merely accidental and meaningless. Doubtless the Futurists aim at giving them meaning by their relations to one another, and in this they aim at a direct symbolism of form and color. Here, I think, they have got hold of a good idea, but one which it will be very hard to carry out; as yet their work seems for the most part too merely ingenious, too scientific and theoretic, too little inspired by concrete emotion. It is the work of bold and ingenious theorists expressing themselves in painted images rather than of men to whom paint is the natural, inevitable mode of self-revelation. One artist of the group, Severini, stands out, however, as an exception. He has a genuine and personal feeling for colors and pattern, and the quality of his paint is that of an unmistakable artist. His "Pan Pan" is a brilliant piece of design, and really does, to some extent, justify the curious methods adopted, in that it conveys at once a general idea of the scene and of the mental exasperation which it provokes. For all its apparently chaotic confusion, it is not without the order of a genuine feeling for design. Here, as elsewhere, the worst fault is a tendency to lapse into an old and commonplace convention in individual forms.

His "Yellow Dancers" is another charming design. The statement in the catalogue that it exemplifies the destruction of form and color by brilliant light, shows the curious scientific obsession of these people. Such a fact is aesthetically quite irrelevant, and the picture is good enough to appeal on its own merits. The same is true of his "Black Cats," a novel and curious color harmony, which gains nothing from the purely auto-biographical note in the catalogue. Whether Signor Severini arrived at his design by reading Edgar Allan Poe or not is immaterial; the spectator is only concerned with the result which, in this case, is certainly justified.

No amount of successful exposition of theory will make bad painting of any value, and, on the other hand, a good picture is none the worse because the artist thinks he painted it to prove a theory, only in that case the theory has served its turn before the picture was painted, and no one need be troubled with it again.

Apart from individual failures and successes, one result of these efforts stands out as having some possibilities for the future of pictorial design, namely, the effort to prove that it is not necessary that the images of a picture should have any fixed spatial relation to one another except that dictated by the needs of pure design. That, in fact, their relation to one another may be directly expressive of their imaginative importance.

In thus endeavoring to relate things not according to their actual spatial conditions but according to their imaginative purpose in the design, the Futurists are, no doubt all unconsciously, taking up once again the pictorial language of early art, for it was thus that Cimabue arranged his diminutive angels around the vast figure of the Virgin in the Rucellai "Madonna."

What the Futurists have yet to learn, if their dogmas still retain the power of growth, is that great design depends upon emotion, and that, too, of a posi-

tive kind, which is nearer to love than hate. As yet the positive elements in their creed, their love of speed and of mechanism, have failed to produce that lyrical intensity of mood which alone might enable the spectator to share their feelings.

ROGER FRY.

Present-Day Problems.

THE NATION AND THE MINES.

II.

' But how would nationalisation of the mines secure to the nation its regular supply of coal? As public employees the miners would still keep up their trade organisations, they would still have grievances for which they sought redress, or improved conditions of employment which they sought to secure, and they would meet any refusal of the administration to accede to their demand by the same method of the strike.'

How far is this a correct statement of the situation under national ownership? It is certain that the trade unions of miners would continue to exist. But in bargaining with the Government for fair conditions of employment, would they be likely to find it necessary or advantageous to go out on strike?

Most strikes are undertaken to secure wages or other conditions of employment which a properly administered State department would concede in its capacity of good employer without such pressure. This statement by no means assumes that, when there is a strike in a private industry, the men must be right and the masters wrong. For, as I have already pointed out, conditions of employment which may be "bad business" for a private firm, may be "good business" for the State. It may pay a private firm to employ workers on a wage less than sufficient to support a family in full efficiency, or to sandwich long periods of slack employment with periods of excessive overtime. A private firm, competing for a "living" profit, may be forced to such damaging economies. It can never pay the State to practise such business methods. The worst grievances, therefore, e.g., the failure to pay "a reasonable minimum wage," would not be found to exist in a properly administered State mine. Even the fluctuations of employment due to the seasonal and industrial irregularities of demand, which impart so much instability to the income of miners, would be considerably reduced under State management. In arguing thus I am not taking a roseate view of the intelligence or humanity of a State department. In this country, as in others, there are certain mechanical defects of bureaucracy which it seems very difficult to cure. Until this mechanical quality is replaced by a fuller measure of the organic spirit of democracy, no nationalisation can work with real efficiency. But even allowing for these defects of State mechanism, I should contend that the deeper grievances which provoke strikes would be unlikely to exist under a national system of mines.

This answer would, of course, not satisfy those who hold that real grievances are not essential to provoke a strike, and that publicly employed miners would embark upon a series of "squeezes" for indefinitely higher wages and shorter hours, which they would enforce by incessant threats of strikes. Now, in the first place, I should challenge both the facts and the probabilities of this contention. It may be doubted whether the power to endure the privations of a long and preconcerted strike can be evoked from any other source than that of deep-felt grievances. This is ignorantly disputed by persons who falsify the issue of the present strike by pointing to the high wages some miners can earn. It is doubtless true that many, perhaps most, miners do not stand to gain a penny from the enforcement of their Federation schedule. But there is a large minority whose grievance is real, as the Government admit. It is the size and reality of this grievance, which large bodies of the owners refuse to redress or to consider, that inspire the strike. State miners without such grievances would not have the spirit or the desire to strike.

But "grievance" after all, it will be said, is a

relative term. A body of men who, though in fact fairly paid, think they ought to be better paid, will feel they have a grievance, and will use every means at their disposal to enforce this demand. The miners would, it is suggested, be continually blackmailing the State by the menace of a strike.

There are, I think, sound reasons for dismissing this danger as unreal. Though a body of State employees will always be seeking for higher pay and better conditions, each improvement in their actual position must weaken the incentive to an extreme step, and therefore the value of the menace. They have relatively less to gain by winning in a struggle, and relatively more to lose by failing. In this situation there will operate a growing tendency to rely upon the alternative method of pressing their demands, which their new status as public servants places at their disposal. They will use their votes and their representatives in Parliament to secure their interests and redress their grievances. This, I am aware, opens up new possibilities of political corruption. But it relieves *pro tanto* the particular danger which we are here discussing, the liability to strikes. Parliamentary influence will present a real safety-valve. Real hardships which occur under public administration will obtain publicity and probable redress by Parliamentary questions and discussion, and by delegations to responsible ministers. Real improvements in the conditions of labor for public employees are thus secured, as the recent history of our Post Office and our dock-yards shows. The powerful organisations of the miners in their constituencies would be able to secure more by politics than they could hope to secure by the precarious and costly instrument of strikes. This may appear to be a dangerous admission. But I do not think it is. I do not believe that any large national organisation of workers in this country, enjoying, and aware that they enjoy, somewhat better wages and other terms of employment as public servants than prevail among the mass of their fellows in private industry, will deliberately set to work to blackmail society, so as to secure extra advantages, at the expense of their fellow-workers, who pay taxes. Any disposition to display such open greed would rally against them a gathering force of public opinion among the general body of working people, such as would preclude the possibility of ultimate success either by political pressure or by resort to strikes. For there is no case of a great strike being successful where the whole force of outside working-class opinion has been dead against the strikers.

* * *

Moreover, there are other conditions of public employment which offer reasonable securities against strikes. To some readers it may seem merely "sentimental" to allude to the sense of the dignity of public service, and of loyalty to the public welfare, as valid restraints against violent action. But I do suggest that in a country where democracy has some real force, and where the working people are acquiring a fuller belief in the reality of their control over the actual processes of government, this sense of social service is growing up among public employees, and will grow stronger as democracy becomes more real. The facts of public service must contain some inherent force to affect the intelligence and feelings of the employees. When miners think they are unfairly treated by companies, which they believe are earning enormous profits for bodies of idle shareholders, they are liable to passionate resentment. If these same miners were aware that they were getting fair terms from the State, which was either making no profit out of the business, or was using such profit as it made for the benefit of themselves and their fellow-citizens, the change of facts would not fail to affect their sentiments. It might not suffice to evoke from them the fullest energy of productive effort, or quench their desires to press for higher remuneration; but it would certainly contribute to check the bitterness of discontent, and the tendency to adopt extreme measures.

Those whose faith in human nature is too weak to

set much store upon these estimates of motive may perhaps admit the value of certain positive influences which the State could employ for the maintenance of peace. Though it might remain open to miners, as to Post Office or other public employees, to adopt the strike as a last resort, it might be made much more difficult for them to employ it to their advantage. The State must evidently do all it can to ensure regularity of service for the public. If, apart from real grievances, there remains the danger of a powerfully organised fundamental industry selfishly using its economic force to extort unfairly favorable terms at the expense of society, reasonable provisions against such a play of vicious motives could be made. The essential impracticability of State interference with a private industry by means of compulsory arbitration lies in the impossibility of enforcing an award which the men refuse to accept as satisfactory. If a State official, administering his compulsory power under a Minimum Wage Act, gave an award which the men in the present mining industry refused to accept, there would be no effective remedy for their illegal refusal. Power to attach the trade-union funds would prove utterly inadequate, for by the time the law got into action there would probably be nothing to attach, and if there were, such attachment would exasperate the spirit of the men, and would not secure the chief end that was sought, the prevention of a strike. Moreover, such intrusion on the part of the State, as an outside power, into the affairs of a private business will continue to be resented both by capital and labor, and these feelings will not facilitate the operation of such an Act. In the case of a public industry, some such application for settling difficulties would be part of the normal, necessary structure of the trade, and though the decision of the State might not be satisfactory to the workers, there would not be the same disposition to push this dissatisfaction to a strike. The regular conditions of State employment, and in particular, the retiring pension, which ought to be a normal condition of employment for all public servants, would furnish powerful guarantees against all breaches of contract with the State. The timidity of those who might still fear the sudden outbreak of some evil spirit of "rebellion" among miners might be assuaged by a policy of accumulating and keeping in hand a large enough stock of coal to meet the emergency of a sudden stoppage. The knowledge that sufficient supplies were above ground to keep the country going for a couple of months would render a strike of any less duration futile.

But such special provisions would be quite unnecessary. Miners are not natural anarchists, but ordinary working Britons, ready to do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. As public servants they would do about as much work as they do now. For it would be quite as possible for the State as for a company to graft on to a reasonable minimum inducements which would maintain a good output. The chief "economy" of private business, a careful system of over-looking, is not possible in coal-mining, and the real check on malinger- ing and shirking, furnished by the actual amount of output, could be more fairly administered under joint-committees, with a competent official for a final arbiter, than by the clumsy, unfair, and unreliable methods now commonly employed.

* * *

I am not suggesting that the nationalisation of mines is an immediate solution of the pressing problems of the hour. Very grave considerations, quite other than those here set forth, would be involved in any endeavor to acquire, organise, and administer the mines by the State so as to secure an adequate output of coal at a reasonable labor-cost. The difficulties of finance, organisation, and management might, when confronted, prove insurmountable. I merely wish at present to ask readers of THE NATION not to dismiss from their minds the possibility that the country may, after further experiment in private bargaining on a basis of pure economic force, be driven in sheer self-protection to furnish national government to what is in substance, though not in form, a national industry.

J. A. HOBSON.

Communications

WHAT THE MINERS' SCHEDULE MEANS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Optimism becomes more justifiable as the black week wears itself out; and slowly, before the rising wind of reason and knowledge, the rift in the strife cloud is widening to open up a patch of blue. Ministers, baffled last week-end, have watched for their earliest opportunity of resuming negotiations by meeting owners and men in the hope of finding their points of widest difference and some possible common ground. This opportunity came on Wednesday, when the Prime Minister and his colleagues conferred with the Miners' Executive for two hours and forty minutes. Guess-work journalism tells us that the conference discussed the Federation's schedule; and guess-work, it is safe to say, cannot go on blundering all the time.

But speculation does not end there; and this is where the daily journalist, lacking knowledge, has again over-reached himself. The Government, we are told, are asking for more elasticity in the fixing of the amounts:—

"It is pointed out, for instance, that the minimum fixed for Yorkshire is 7s. 6d. Yorkshire is a big county, and contains pits the seams of which differ from each other in such a way as to make a general minimum ranging over the whole county impossible."

One concludes from this that the object is to fix many minima for one county or coalfield; to secure such a variety in figures that every small locality can have its own cap to fit. But two essential facts are overlooked in this particular form of speculation:—

(1) The *Owners* are not asking for this greater elasticity for localities.

(2) If inelasticity be unfair for a whole county, it is, or may be, equally unfair for a small township or group of pits, or even for one pit.

Coal seams—to throw light on the second point first—vary in thickness, quality and working conditions, not always more materially district by district than depth by depth. By one shaft alone coal may be wound from, say, two seams—perhaps three—from two landing-levels (or one if the seams be connected by tunnels on the level). The difference in working conditions in those seams may be as wide as any difference it is possible to find throughout a group of pits, and, in some cases, as wide as the range throughout a whole county.

Why, then, this talk of inelasticity? If elasticity were the needed Morison pill, is it conceivable that representative owners and practical miners on the Federation Executive would fail to see daylight when it is possible to reach almost a state of perfection in the local applicability of wage-figures? They could set their own accountants to work to fix a different minimum for each seam, leaving, then, as the only inequalities of payment, those that inevitably arise from the varied working conditions and rolling-stock facilities of each stratum. But is this "local option" or "home rule" what the owners desire? Counsel calls no evidence. Frankly, it is safe to say that the opposite is largely true, and that in this matter the owners are "Imperialists"—anti-devolutionists. Offer them a choice in the other direction. Ask if they would prefer, not many varying rates, but one for all England, all Wales, all Great Britain! You shall hear the hearty "Yes" from many voices—not all the voices *all* the time, but *many*, now!

For the most part, the county unit is of their own fixing—it is *their* irreducible minimum in devolution (South Wales, roughly speaking, has only two units, based on the prices of 1877 and 1879, respectively, in the one-time separate areas). But even so much elasticity as this, the difference in county rates, is a hardship on many proprietors. There are groups of counties with different wage-rates competing in the same market. No fair-wage clause to level up, a splendid collective-bargaining machine as a barrier to levelling-down! This is an unfair handicap on owners in counties paying the highest scale, and these owners are the "Yes" chorus for the one-unit plan if it should ever be seriously proposed.

All discussion on elasticity, therefore, must take another shape. Has it already taken *definite* shape? Is the Federa-

tion willing? Will the owners not ask for too much? Are the Government in possession of the necessary information to enable them to act, not judicially, but justly? Have they courage to clinch the deal? An affirmative answer to each of these questions is the basis of hope in a black and clammy crisis. I am on the side of the optimists (and the week is not out). With reservations, the answers are "Yes."

The Government have the knowledge—late, but at last. They will not flinch from Draconian methods, if conscript peacemaking be the only way. The owners—70 per cent. of them—will not haggle hardly. There remains the Federation. Will it be—as it been—unreasonable? The Press says "Yes"; the public, it is suggested, agree. Press and public are ill-informed.

Professor Pigou, in his letter to the "Times" on Tuesday, is approximately right when he says:—

"The miners' objection to arbitrating their schedules is essentially an objection to arbitrating the principle on which their schedules are based."

But he is inadequately informed when he writes of the "fair average" for each district. That is not the Professor's fault. Wigan and Ton-y-pandy are remote from Cambridge. The case is simpler than he knows—so simple that those who talk, on this item, of the "miners needing an actuary to prepare and present their case properly" may well feel the need of an earthquake or a commodious sandhill when they learn the startling commonplace fact.

The schedule-figure in each district is not the disputed result of averages. It is the long-ago accepted average itself. *It is, in fact, in each district, with minor exceptions, the actual wage now recognised and paid by the owners for day-work.*

Example: South Wales, 7s. 1½d. and 7s. 6d. In 1877 the average rate in one South Wales unit would be 4s. 9d.; the other district has the 1879 base of 5s. The present percentage rates are 50 on the base-wage. Thus we get 7s. 1½d. in one case and 7s. 6d. in the other. These district rates are accepted and embodied in the existing agreements. When a coal-getter—opening up a new seam, or cutting faults, or timbering—is put on daily wage, instead of tonnage rates, the agreed rate is paid to him. The Federation now asks that this agreed rate—not the original district demands—shall be the minimum, even when the man is on piece-work.

The rate is known and accepted, not disputed. Is the Federation right in asking that it shall be established as the minimum to which the earnings of all the men who earn less shall be levelled-up? Can this principle—that an average shall become the minimum—be defended? Perhaps at this point even Professor Pigou will part company with the men. This is the principle that the men decline to arbitrate upon. Does political economy justify them? Is there precedent or parallel?

What economic theory may fail to answer in the affirmative, working conditions and human nature must justify, if the men are to win by reason and not by sheer force. For the moment, we sink ethical considerations and the higher claims of manhood.

On these points the men rest their case for the coal-getter. The minimum for the regular day-wage workers is undisguisedly a demand for higher pay. But both cases merge here into "the great subsidiary question" of safeguards against malingering. Can the men satisfy a jury of Cabinet Ministers and permanent officials:—

"(1) That the cost of levelling-up to the county average is worth the money to the colliery owner?

"(2) That the inferior workman will not become a pauper on the funds of his employer?

"(3) That there will be no need to subsidise the aged and infirm (though his experience must have its assessable value)?"

"(4) That the able-bodied workman will not be tempted to malinger?

"(5) That the output, instead of being diminished, can be increased, if the traffic and rolling stock of the mine will bear it?

"(6) That a coal-getter, working a faulty vein, though his output be less than that of his workmates in normal stalls, is worth his minimum for the "pioneer" work he is doing in opening-up a new and more easily-workable area?

"(7) In short, that the granting of the minimum—on a bold, venturesome principle—is good business, for the worker, for the investor, for the nation?"

Such a case can be made out. In part it is amenable to actuarial corroboration. Get the parties together—owners and men—*some* owners, anyhow. Find the difference between the men's figures and the owners', then arbitrate. Trust the men to be reasonable, fix up terms quickly, rope in the intransigents of Scotland and South Wales by plain speaking in the Commons (say, next Tuesday). This failing—well, the revolver is loaded already in three chambers. Fill in your schedule. Peace next week.—Yours, &c.,

X.

March 7th, 1912.

Letters to the Editor.

PÈRE HYACINTHE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Though I have not seen in THE NATION any notice of the life of my friend, Père Hyacinthe, I imagine that many of your readers may feel an interest in him.

I have received a number of copies of a full and interesting account of him from his son, M. Paul Loysen, Editor of "Les Droits de l'Homme," and shall be happy to send a copy to anyone who will send me a card.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. FREMANTLE.

The Deanery, Ripon.

February 29th, 1912.

A SERIOUS QUESTION FOR SUFFRAGISTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Hitherto, we who approve the cause but not the methods have tried to urge that the badness of the one does not affect the goodness of the other. But if militancy is to be made so prominent as seems now intended, this attitude will no longer be possible, even in the quiet hour of reflection; for, as those ladies soundly argue, a method is "justified" by its success, and success means votes. A vote for the cause thus becomes a success for the method; and, by the logic of facts, a vote for it. Any mental reservation notwithstanding, a victory for the cause would stand recorded a victory for the method.

Is it useless to ask the non-militant suffrage leaders for some unequivocal policy or demonstration that should clear the issue of this fatal overgrowth—for something more impressive than pious disavowal with acceptance of eventual profit? Is it too late to crush back into their intrinsic irrelevance the methods of nursery-Nihilism? Are we to be forced into definite opposition to a cause we think good?—Yours, &c.,

C. S.

King's College, Strand.

March 5th, 1912.

ADULT SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article in your issue of March 2nd, "The Prospects of Woman Suffrage," is interesting as being a clearer and more unhesitating statement than is ordinarily made of the views and aims of the supporters of this movement. You express *sans phrase* your desire that all women should get the vote "at once," and accept cheerfully what is, of course, the logical sequence that they should be eligible for Parliament and the highest offices of the State.

Such candor is refreshing, and forms a contrast to the disrecreter policy pursued by the "Conciliationists," who may indeed be disposed to charge you with conspiring with Mr. Lloyd George to "torpedo" their plan of campaign.

Having gone so far, will you care to say whether you welcome the further and inevitable sequence that, as the women outnumber the men by approximately 1½ millions, the Government of the United Kingdom, as regards not only domestic, but foreign affairs, our international relationships, the control of the Navy and Army, questions of peace or war, must, in such a case, pass definitely and for all time

from the hands of men into the hands of women?—
Yours, &c.,

E. L. HOYLE.

Pott Hall, Shrigley, Macclesfield.
March 4th, 1912.

[Adult suffrage is an ideal to which, we imagine, all modern civilised States are moving. But we see no reason for supposing that an accidental surplusage of women under such a suffrage will place the control of the State in their hands. Does the enormous preponderance of manual workers make them rulers of this or any other country?—ED., NATION.]

LAND IN LAMBETH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Just a line to thank you for the very admirable article on our tract, "Family Life on £1 a Week." I have only one comment. Your reviewer only suggests one remedy for the evils indicated, and that is, taxation of land values. But land in Lambeth slums is obviously not put to its best use, and therefore the tax on such land would bear a higher proportion to the rent than the average. Unless, therefore, Lambeth slums are rack-rented, which is improbable, the effect of taxation would be to increase the rates, drive up rents, and make things worse.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD R. PEASE.

3, Clement's Inn, Strand, London, W.C.

A PLEA FOR THE SOUTH WALES COLLIER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a regular reader of your paper and as an inhabitant of a mining village in the heart of the South Wales coalfield, I should like, though not directly concerned in the mining industry, to put in a plea for the South Wales collier. All the papers, including THE NATION, seem greatly indignant with the Welsh collier, because they evidently think that his revolutionary tendencies and his "intransigent temper" are the only barriers to a peaceful settlement of the present industrial dispute.

This is not due solely to the fact that "last year's strike has left behind its inevitable legacy of embittered feeling." The feeling in South Wales has been gathering for some years, and has now come to a head. You have not to go far to find the cause, which is the cause of all the present unrest: wages are low and prices have risen. The mine-owners give the men at the end of the fortnight just enough wages to keep them alive to continue work in the next. Such a condition of things, with all its subsidiary evils, has lasted in South Wales for some time. The men are now realising their position; they are beginning to see that there is no need for them to slave and toil for a mere pittance in a land of plenty. A new school of leaders has sprung up, composed of men who have had the advantages of education, and they are preaching open revolt against these sordid and bad conditions. They demand a minimum wage of a little over £2 a week, a modest demand, surely, for a man with a wife and a large family. They have determined not to give in and to win the battle, and the consequence is that they are being openly attacked by the Tory press and insidiously discouraged by the Liberal press.

Journalists want to know what is to become of the "shirkers." Shirkers! Let the leader writers of the Tory "Express" or the Liberal "Chronicle" come to South Wales and try to find the "shirkers." They will see, from the train, hundreds of gardens cultivated and tilled by these "shirkers," and hundreds of tons of coal dug from the earth by "shirkers." To talk about "shirkers" and "loafers" as being the people who have made the wealth of South Wales is to talk sheer cant and nauseous hypocrisy.

The housing conditions in South Wales are a national scandal. The houses are perched in long, similar streets placed back to back. They present spectacles of hideousness and ugliness that do not require the eye of an Edward Carpenter or a William Morris to perceive that the sole object of the builder is to make a building of four walls, and not a beautiful home.

Well has Ruskin said that "the soul of a nation is reflected in her architecture." The soul of South Wales is

reflected in the hovels of the Rhondda Valley and the slums of Dowlais.

It is against these things that the miners' leaders are fighting, and for so doing they are dubbed atheists and free lovers on the political field, and anarchists and revolutionists in the industrial field. The political parties vie with one another at election times in praising the courage and bravery of the Glamorganshire collier, but when he endeavors to free himself from the fetters and shackles of a cruel commercialism, he meets with scorn, opposition, and with secret discouragement. It would be more just, more honorable, and more courageous if the more democratic journals were to encourage the miner in his fight, if only by a few words of kindly sympathy.—Yours, &c.,

EMREYS HUGHES.

Bryn Menai, Abercynon,
South Wales, March 2nd, 1912.

THE WAR IN TRIPOLI.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is surely difficult to realise what purpose your anonymous correspondent, "Tanj," can have imagined he was serving by his letter in a recent issue. The fact that the Russians have admittedly perpetrated atrocities in Persia—like the execution of the Sikat ul Islam and the head of the Armenian community at Tabriz—furnishes your correspondent with some peculiar reason for supposing that the Italians have not committed atrocities in Tripoli. He further falsely insinuates that the evidence as to the Italian atrocities rests on Turkish or partisan testimony. Whom can "Tanj" fancy he is imposing on? Surely not the ordinary readers of THE NATION, who know perfectly well, in common with everyone who follows the newspapers, that the evidence as to the Italian atrocities rests on the testimony of numerous English, American, and German newspaper correspondents; men like Mr. Francis McCullagh, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, Herr Gottberg, the "Times" correspondent in Tripoli, and others, not to speak of the irrefutable evidence of the camera itself.

As to the argument in the first paragraph of "Tanj's" letter, that Italy was justified in invading Tripoli because she had reason to fear that if she did not do so Germany, or some other Power, would steal it, is an argument which would obviously excuse any crime. The next time "Tanj" sees an old gentleman making his way home at night through a dangerous neighborhood, one trusts that his peculiar ethics will not tempt him to appropriate the old gentleman's watch and chain on the ground that, if he refrained, someone else might perpetrate the theft before the object of his solicitude reached his destination. Really, the case of Italy comes out so badly on the showing of the defenders of her present course, that the only effect is to confirm the view of the better and more liberal section of English opinion, nor is that opinion likely to be affected by the alleged fact that "Italy" sympathised with the iniquitous South African War twelve years ago.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK RYAN.

New Reform Club,
March 5th, 1912.

THE INSURANCE OF WOMEN WORKERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that a Committee of the National Union of Women Workers, which was formed on the passing of the Insurance Act, has already collected a considerable amount of information with regard to the provision for women in those friendly societies and trade unions that propose to become "approved." Much of this information cannot yet be put into shape, as the societies have not made their final arrangements; but the Committee hopes, before long, to be in a position to publish the results of its investigations. There is a widespread need amongst the women who will be insured next July for information and advice with regard to the various societies, both those already established—some of which are now accepting women members for the first time—and those in process of formation, and the Committee hopes that it will be able to supply this need.

It has also under consideration the publication of leaflets and pamphlets explanatory of the Act, written from an entirely non-party point of view. Now that the Insurance Bill has passed into law, everybody who cares about the interests of women must realise that it is of the utmost importance that the various classes who will be insured shall understand at least the chief provisions of the Act as it affects them, and, above all, that the entirely unsatisfactory nature of the Post Office scheme, and the necessity for joining a good approved society, shall be brought home to them.

For the purpose of investigation and publication, money is required, and we earnestly appeal to the public to help by contributing to the fund which it now becomes necessary to raise. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer: Miss Agnes Garrett, 2, Gower Street, London, W.C.

We make such an appeal the more confidently in that the Committee, which consists of representatives of the various women's interests, expert members of friendly societies and trade unions, and members of Parliament of all parties, is entirely non-party and non-political, and is actuated solely by a desire to further the interests of women under the Insurance Act.—Yours, &c.,

CONSTANCE SMITH, Convener.

D. SHENA POTTER, Hon. Sec.

219, Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.

February 28th, 1912.

THE COUNTRY AND THE INSURANCE ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It would be a serious mistake for the Liberal Party to assume that the unpopularity of the Insurance Act will decrease when it comes into operation; the causes of the hostility to it are deeper than mere objections to details. The country did not ask for a system of compulsory insurance; they did not wish for it, and it was contrary to all the ideas and prejudices of the English people. Being a democracy, they are now taking the course which any impartial observer of past historical events might have foreseen—namely, voting against the authors of the Insurance Act, and they will continue to do so. The Insurance Act may, in the future, be regarded by historians as a vast social reform, but they will also chronicle the fact that parturition killed the parent.—Yours, &c.,

E. S. ROSCOE.

Reform Club, March 6th, 1912.

WHAT IS THE FINEST VIEW IN THE WORLD?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems almost presumptuous to say that any one particular view is the finest in the world, and yet we read in your columns of several which lay claim to this honor. While the subject is receiving attention, I desire to suggest a view which at least deserves a place among the very finest views in the world.

From the snow-capped rim of Crater Lake, in the Cascade Range of Oregon, I was entranced with the wonderful view, looking down over the blue, quiet waters of the beautiful lake, 2,000 feet below, and the magnificent range of rugged peaks entirely surrounding them. It certainly was a splendid picture—one which will not soon be forgotten.—Yours, &c.,

W. J. SHERMAN.

613, The Nasby, Toledo, Ohio.

February 23rd, 1912.

A CAUTION TO PUBLICISTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I should be glad of your important columns to advise writers and speakers on Home Rule not to quote the Duke of Wellington's alleged speech in the House of Lords on the services of Irish soldiers. By error, the speech has appeared under the Duke's name in elocution and other books for at least fifty years. Wellington was incapable of gratitude in speech to the ordinary English, Scottish, or Irish soldiers who helped to get the laurels on his brow, at any time in his life. The speech I refer to was delivered in the House of Commons by Sheridan, who said, "If the noble

Lord in the other place spoke as he ought," the Duke would say what then followed.

The discovery of the error and its source was made by Mr. J. A. Fox, an amended seventh edition of whose "Why Ireland wants Home Rule" I should wish see made by the Home Rule Council or Mr. J. A. Fox himself.—Yours, &c.,

W. LANCELOT FOX.

Rosedale, Montgomery Road, Chiswick Park, W.

March 6th, 1912.

THE WELSH ESTABLISHMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In endeavoring to meet my argument that the abolition of the right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council will mean a loss of freedom of thought, your correspondent, "L. I.," refers me to the 12th section of the Bill of 1909. I can assure him I had not forgotten it. The section is well adapted to controversy, so I will just set it out in its portentous entirety:

"As from the date of disestablishment, the present ecclesiastical law shall in Wales and Monmouthshire cease to exist as law, but that law and the present articles, doctrines, rites, rules, discipline, and ordinances of the Church of England (including the present jurisdiction and authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Courts of the Archbishop), shall, with and subject to such modification or alteration, if any, as after the passing of this Act may be duly made therein, according to the constitution and regulations for the time being of the Church in Wales, be binding on the members for the time being of that Church in the same manner as if they had mutually agreed to be so bound, and shall be capable of being enforced in the temporal courts in relation to any property which by virtue of this Act is held on behalf of the said Church or any members thereof, in the same manner and to the same extent as if such property had been expressly assured upon trust to be held on behalf of persons who should be so bound."

Here we may well pause for a moment to take breath. Those who have undertaken the public exposition of the measure have not, as far as I have observed up to the present, given any explanation of this clause, and it would have been helpful if "L. I." had been a little more explicit. What I understand by the section, coupled with other clauses of the Bill, is that the disestablished Church will be re-established on a separate basis by Royal Charter under Statute, and that the body so organised will be presented with the National Churches without being entrusted with any national obligations, not even with the duty of burying the dead. It is nowhere defined what the ecclesiastical law is which will be abolished, and this must create great confusion. Is the law relating to the holding of vestries and the election of churchwardens ecclesiastical law? It would appear that the existing law will be annulled and re-instituted on the basis of contract, as if the members of the Church (whoever they may be) had agreed to be bound by it—a palpable fiction. It will be noticed that the jurisdiction of the Archbishop's Courts is retained, though as the Courts of first instance are abolished, it is difficult to see by what procedure the superior court will be reached. This is only one instance amongst many which illustrates the extreme difficulty which the promoters of the measure have found in attempting to separate the four Welsh dioceses from the Province of Canterbury.

The provision to which "L. I." more particularly refers is no doubt sub-Section "C," which provides that no alteration in the formularies shall be binding on any ecclesiastical person having an existing vested interest, should such alteration be made by the new-constituted representative synod. But we must look further ahead than the duration of existing lives, and the inevitable result must be, in the future, to cramp liberty of thought, since appeal to the King in Council is expressly abolished. This has been the case in the Irish Church, which has become the preserve of one party only—the Evangelicals. A disestablished Church must inevitably tend to become narrow in its outlook, and will interest itself more and more in purely clerical concerns rather than in large matters touching the national welfare, and the type of ministers which it will tend to produce will be on a lower intellectual level.

It is not, however, only a case of some possible future alteration in the formularies. Taking the formularies of the Church as they are, a Liberal clergyman, who has

endeavored to keep abreast of modern thought, and therefore possibly modified his earlier theological position, may well ask whether his chance of summary ejection will not be increased by the loss of the right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The position has been recently maintained by yourself in dealing with the case of Mr. Thompson, whom you assume—wrongly, as I think—to have had no appeal, and who has found himself therefore deprived of his licence by the unfettered action of the Ordinary.

Throughout the controversy a good deal too much appears to have been made of the fact, as has been done by "L. I.," that the vested interests of existing incumbents will be safeguarded. The Church is established, not to provide parsons with salaries, but to provide Christian teaching for the nation. The consolations of religion are brought within the reach of all by the parochial system. All may not hearken, but all have the opportunity. When the Roman Catholic Church has excommunicated some peccant member of the flock, or the deacons of a Nonconformist Chapel have barred the door to some erring member of the congregation, the offender will not be forlorn, for the portals of his parish church will still be open to him, and the resident minister will be there to afford him the consolation he needs. This is the vested interest which Disestablishment will destroy. The more I have followed the arguments on both sides (although I am very far from being in agreement with all the points adduced by the opponents of Disestablishment), the more convinced do I become that this immense upheaval will bring no benefit to a single poor person in Wales. It would be far better to allow each tithe-payer to ear-mark his tithe for the religious body of his choice, and to allow to the Nonconformists a reasonable use of the parish churches in such localities where this course might seem needed or helpful.—Yours, &c.,

A. G. B. ATKINSON
(Rector of Greensted, Essex.)

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Hugh Edwards deals fully with the Bishop of St. Asaph's statement. I can only hope that it will be brought before the Bishop. He will be able to make his position clear.

I am indebted to Mr. Edwards for his candid declaration that "when counting their people the method of Free Churchmen is not the same as that employed by the Establishment, being fundamentally different." That is just the reason why we ask the Liberal Government to follow its own method of procedure, as in the case of Ireland, and satisfy itself by the evidence of an official census. At present, Churchmen are ready to trust the returns of an independent revision, Nonconformists are not. Yet if Wales is "a nation of Nonconformists," why should Nonconformity shrink from the verdict of a religious census? Probably Mr. Edwards supplies the correct explanation, the method of computation is "fundamentally different."

May we scan this method? At one time seating accommodation was adopted as the test. When it was shown that in the county of Cardigan the Nonconformists reckoned upon 79,861 seats for a population of 61,000 people, when Anglesey returned 54,000 seats for a total population of 50,000, the answer was given that Nonconformity was looking "to the future." But the idea of relying upon seating accommodation as evidence of the strength of Nonconformity was exploded. Then there has been reference to the Sunday School test, the large figures of Nonconformity being contrasted with the small numbers of the Church, though it is quite notorious that except in certain districts (parts of Lancashire, for instance) the Church does not make a practice of retaining adults, while Nonconformity instructs old as well as young in its Sunday School classes. But more recent methods of computation are anything but convincing, as the Royal Commissioners discovered. Here are definite examples. Cilycwm gives 8 chapels and a total of 1,144 worshippers: the population was 860 in 1901 and 715 in 1911. Glynceriog announces 998 Nonconformist adherents: the population is returned as 994. One parish in Anglesey has a population of 166: it claims 256 chapel adherents. Another place, with a population of 278, boasts of 344 chapel

adherents, and so on. It will be observed that no allowance is made in these cases for the existence of any Churchmen, not even for the "State-paid" parson. No wonder the report of the Royal Commission (page 25), speaking of adherents, says "this is an estimate rather than an accurate figure, and is of little or no use for statistics." But that does not distress the United Campaign Committee in the slightest degree. In one of their ingenious leaflets, distributed broadcast, they announce a total estimated number of *members and adherents* of the four principal Nonconformist denominations, 1,032, 254, and they give the 193,081 *communicants* of the Church, just to "contrast with this splendid Nonconformist record the record of the Established Church in Wales." Mr. Edwards is quite right. The Nonconformist method of computation and comparison is "fundamentally different." A Churchman, however, is content with Mr. Gladstone's business-like and impartial method, and if figures are to count, the Liberal Government can do in Wales exactly what it did in Ireland, i.e., made use of a religious census.

There are many points of interest in Mr. Edwards's letter. He refers to the trades of Peter and Paul, though he does not say whether they devoted themselves to the work of the ministry after the day of Pentecost, or whether they divided their time then between their fishing and tent-making and their labors on behalf of the Gospel. But his remark about the meaning of an Established Church that "religion according to the tenets and rules of the Establishment is the only fit and proper religion for the people of Wales" is characteristic. It helps to create prejudice. But it distorts the truth.—Yours, &c.,

CHESHIRE INCUMBENT.

HOMERIC HEROES AND THE ONION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of the 17th ult., I read, "in the same confidence the Homeric heroes, whose courage was fortified with onions, rubbed grated cheese into their wounds." The Homeric hero was a marvel of pluck and endurance. He dried the sweat off his body by exposing it to the breeze, in defiance of a chill. He could have an arrow cut out of his person without an anaesthetic and with never a wince. He might have *ētauōdō* sung over it, to help the healing; but I do not think he rubbed grated cheese into the wound. He took it in his drink, and the onion was a relish for the same. But the onion of the south is a sweet, mild, vegetable compared with the tear-compelling bulb of this part of the world.—Yours, &c.,

S.

St. Andrews, March 5th, 1912.

RURAL HOUSING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think the conditions desired by Mr. Aronson are much nearer our grasp than he appears to feel.

In many rural districts the local authority can—if they will—satisfy the need for houses under existing legislation. Three shillings a week in rent will recoup a local authority for an expenditure of £175 (interest and sinking fund £7, repairs, &c., 16s.), which allows £150 to £160 for the house.

The difficulty is to get the local authority to act; but when we can show them that they need make no demand upon the ratepayers' pockets, this difficulty is not insuperable.—Yours, &c.,

S. THOMPSON CLOTHIER.

Street, Somerset.

March 6th, 1912.

THE NEW WIFE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mrs. Twycross, must know very little of the law if she thinks it "fully protects" married women. It would be easy to fill your paper with proofs to the contrary, taken from life. But the facts are familiar now, and your article raised a deeper question.

Mrs. Twycross finds fault with your conception of the "new" family, because you are too anxious to release women from obedience. I should like to find fault because you are

not quite anxious enough, and for the same reason, "because I am a woman," and because women must, one would have supposed, feel the need for their own freedom more strongly than they would hope to see it expressed in a newspaper whose editorial staff was constituted like a monastery, however kindly disposed the party round the refectory table might be.

After all, a good many married women are already about as free as it is possible for anybody to be, which is very little. In their homes the two heads of the family discuss and settle together everything worth discussion, and there is no question of will, authority, submission, or obedience. These words are out of place. The very idea of authority and obedience ought to be got rid of. In the case of employer and employed, the sphere of authority is defined by contract, by public opinion, and by law, and the ever-present alternative of going away is some protection to the weaker. Here a limited authority is not inconsistent with freedom. But in marriage it is not so. Any general admission of the man's right to exercise a vague "authority" over his wife must mean that in many cases the woman loses her personal freedom. The scope of authority in marriage could never be defined or guarded, and the attempt to use it, even in the less brutal ways, is most hurtful to the finer qualities of mind and character in both men and women. Marriage itself, and the decisions that have to be made in a family, involve all that is most personal, subtle, and intimate in life, and it can never be right that mere authority should rule them. Many decisions touch one partner much more nearly than the other, not in money perhaps, but in mind, health, work, or some strong preference. In these cases the person least affected should surely, without "submission" or "obedience," leave the decision to the one most concerned. For instance, neither should do more than advise the other as to such things as occupation, place of residence, or manner of life. You think that "such authority as exists . . . should be based upon admitted superiority of capacity or knowledge, to which cheerful submission would be accorded." This, surely, is an unworkable plan. No person, however superior in character and knowledge, has the right to make decisions for somebody else; and the decisive factors would be egotism and modesty, energy and weakness, not any real difference in the power of judging.

It is easier to argue the case of joint headship than to show how it would work out in any case where there is not "substantial unity of thought and feeling." Cases where there is not always this substantial unity are common, and must be common, where people can think and feel at all. But difficulties of this kind are not peculiar to marriage. They arise in more or less the same way wherever there is joint power; between brothers and sisters jointly responsible for helpless or insane relatives, between trustees jointly responsible for others' property, guardians for wards, directors for the lives and work of men and women they employ. Those who avoid their share of a joint responsibility by giving up the right of private judgment and free action, and taking refuge in "submission" and "obedience," belong to one of the servile grades of humanity, and may belong to a very low grade, indistinguishable from downright slavery. If they like it, as Mrs. Twycross thinks women do, that does not alter the fact.

The reform of the marriage laws and the change in the marriage relation which you forecast will give the only real relief and possibility of a general state of freedom during marriage. Many think that the laws already in use in Norway are, in many ways, an excellent model. In most cases where there is a serious desire to go, one partner can in that country get a divorce in due time without the other's consent by proving the facts. The result is that in these cases the consent of both is usually given, and the unsuccessful marriage dissolved in the least painful manner, by mutual agreement, and without our cruel, horrible, and utterly anti-Christian process of making accusations in public. Something of the kind will certainly come soon. No one now has the right to give a woman in marriage without her own consent. It would be thought monstrous. Before many years have passed, we shall look back with astonishment and shame on the barbarity of our present law, which makes the continuance of marriage virtually compulsory.

Nobody who knows anything of working people's lives can doubt that you are right in saying that the husband's

monopoly of money is often the cause of wifely obedience. It would be some relief if the law gave the wife a claim on her husband's wages for maintenance for herself and her children while living with him. The possibility of a magistrate's order would certainly change one aspect of the marital conception of authority. But perhaps it would be well for women to face the fact that their strength does not lie in money-getting on a large scale, nor in any large claim to money. It is true, they have not had the opportunities of men; but, indeed, this side of life hardly attracts people whose thoughts have been led to dwell rather on human happiness and on the elementary human needs. Still we want something better than freedom to starve, or than the poor law, reformed or not. Women's education and way of living must be consciously adapted to give them scope and power, the means of self-support, and the habit of meeting troubles alone. Unless we shut ourselves into a fool's paradise, we must know by now that nearly every woman ought to foresee in youth the possibility of having to act as the only parent of children. This is a world where nothing, certainly not money, will ever do instead of self-reliance, and women's natural position would be quite strong enough if they had a fair chance of coming to their own by the development of their gifts and character. With apologies for these platitudes.—Yours, &c.,

ROSALIND NASH.

42, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.

Poetry.

HOME ALONG.

I MEANT to make for Thames his side
A little song, a tuneful song;
But all my thoughts turned like a tide
Home along, just home along.

The scent of summer's in the air;
The westward winds blow fresh and strong,
And in a moment I am there,
Home along, and home along.

The words are Devon, but the heart
They thrill each homesick lad must know,
So I may claim my rightful part
In these rich words from Westward Ho!

Then hear me, "foreign" though I be,
There's no false feigning in my song.
There's magic in the sound to me
Of home along, and home along.

Within my mind a picture lies,
Of lonely loch where, ghostlike, throng
White mists beneath grey, cloudy skies,
And this for me is home along.

Why stay I still by Thames his side?
To moor and mountain I belong,
Where curlews call and eagles ride,
On slow, sure pinions, home along.

Hearts oft be full when pence are few;
This little song, this wistful song—
My only wealth—I send to you,
Home along, oh home along.

W. J. CAMERON.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:

- "The Drama of Love and Death: A Study of Human Evolution and Transfiguration." By Edward Carpenter. (Allen. 5s. net.)
- "Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln: A Memoir. By the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell. (Smith Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Our Foreign Policy and Sir Edward Grey's Failure." By G. H. Perris. (Melrose. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Life and Work of Frank Holl." By A. M. Reynolds. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Heroic Age." By H. Munro Chadwick. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. net.)
- "Wings of Desire." By M. P. Wilcocks. (Lane. 6s.)
- "La Politique de l'Équilibre (1907-1911)." Par Gabriel Hanotaux. (Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)
- "Davidée Birot." Roman. Par Renée Bazin. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)
- "Der Seeräuber." Lustspiel. Von L. Fulda. (Stuttgart: Cotta. 3m.)
- "Deutschland und der nächste Krieg." Von General F. von Bernhardi. (Stuttgart: Cotta. 6m.)

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"PITT AND NAPOLEON" is the title of a collection of essays and letters which will form a supplement to Dr. Holland Rose's "Life of Pitt." It will be issued during the present season by Messrs. Bell.

* * *

BIOGRAPHY is, to a great many readers, the most engaging province in the world of books, and last week we have had some pleasant discourse about the great biographies from Mr. Frederic Harrison in the "English Review" and from "Claudius Clear" in the "British Weekly." The essence of the biographer's art, says Mr. Harrison, is "to give a living portrait of the man as he was, not a mere record of what he did"; while "Claudius Clear" lays down as the necessary attributes of a great biography that it must deal with a great man, concerning whom we have materials of a special kind and value, and that its writer must possess the biographical faculty. We accept this statement of the case, though with some reluctance. For, while we can point to no great biography which is not concerned with a great man, we like to think that if a man of genius had written the biography of a man of the second or third rank—say Horace Walpole, or Hazlitt, or Borrow, or Edward Fitzgerald—whose personality was strongly marked, or whose interests were sufficiently varied, the result would not fall short of greatness.

* * *

BASING his choice on these principles, and confining himself to English literature, "Claudius Clear" gives the following list of the best six biographies, placed in order of merit:

- (1) Boswell's "Johnson."
- (2) Lockhart's "Life of Scott."
- (3) Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."
- (4) Trevelyan's "Macaulay."
- (5) Froude's "Carlyle."
- (6) Morley's "Life of Gladstone."

The first two of these are endorsed by Mr. Harrison, and will pass *nemine contradicente*. Nor would anybody cavil at the inclusion of the remaining four in a list of our great biographies. But if it comes to choosing the best six, there are omissions that will not be to the taste of every reader. The most striking of these is Moore's "Life of Byron," and here again Mr. Harrison votes with "Claudius Clear," though for a different reason. The latter accepts Macaulay's verdict on Byron as "a bad fellow, and horribly affected," and denies that he was a great man, and therefore a proper subject for a great biography. Mr. Harrison, on the other hand, claims that Byron was "the biggest man who blew the Clarion of the Revolution over England," that his "Titanic power and imagination" made him "the prime poetic force of the nineteenth century," and that he has written "the finest prose in our language." Accordingly, he condemns Moore's "Life," not because the subject lacked greatness, but because it is "the apology of a friend who had but a very poor understanding of the poet's higher nature."

* * *

Two other biographies often included among the best

half-dozen are Stanley's "Life of Arnold" and Carlyle's "Life of Sterling." Except that in neither case is the subject a man of the first rank, both books conform to the canons of great biography as laid down by "Claudius Clear" and Mr. Harrison. The present writer once enjoyed acquaintance with an aged Fenian, a Roman Catholic, who spent in reading most of the enforced leisure of a long term of penal servitude to which he was condemned for a political offence, and who emerged from prison with a conviction that Stanley's "Arnold" was one of the greatest biographies in the language. Mr. Harrison ranks Lewes's "Life of Goethe" as "one of the very best biographies of our age," and among other books whose claims are considered by "Claudius Clear" we may mention "The Life of George Crabbe" by his son, Southey's "Nelson," "Wesley," and "Cowper," Dora Greenwell's "Life of Lacordaire," Mr. Snead-Cox's "Cardinal Vaughan," "The Life of Principal Cairns," by Professor MacEwen, and Mr. Andrew Lang's "Life of Lockhart," to which he might have added Purcell's "Manning" and Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Newman." Both writers praise biographies on a small scale, such as are to be found in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," Carlyle's "Essays," P. G. Hamerton's "Modern Frenchmen," and Burdon's "Twelve Good Men," though, oddly enough, neither mentions the very best of all books of this class, Izaak Walton's five "Lives;" or Macaulay's "Biographies," reprinted from the "Encyclopædia Britannica." We would also include some of the articles in Stephen's "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," especially the "Hildebrand."

* * *

TURNING to biographies in other languages than English, Mr. Harrison gives first place to Plutarch, "the Prince of Biographers," and he sets the "Alexander" at the head of all the "Lives" as "the most masterly portrait ever painted with the pen of a historian," "the supreme type of biography proper, as applied to the most superbly endowed human being in the story of mankind." He also praises Joinville's "Vie de St. Louis," the "Histoire du Gentil Seigneur Bayart," composed by the anonymous "Loyal Serviteur," and Condorcet's "Vie de Turgot," than which, he says, "there is no more noble biography in all modern literature." Lastly, leaving biography proper, Mr. Harrison says a word in commendation of Benvenuto Cellini's "Autobiography." We remember that that work once drew an article from Mr. Birrell, entitled "A Rogue's Memoirs," in which disgust at Cellini's depravity struggles for the mastery against admiration for the "symmetry" of that outrageous rascal. "To hang a dog on his oath," says Mr. Birrell, "would be a judicial murder." Mr. Hobart Cust, who has just brought out a biography of Cellini, in Messrs. Methuen's "Little Books on Art," is more moderate. He thinks that while we must look on some of his statements with a certain amount of caution, "as regards the salient facts in his life and wanderings, his narrative is fairly worthy of credence."

* * *

THE first twelve volumes in Messrs. Jack's new six-penny series, "The People's Books," have been issued, and they enable us to judge of the scope and value of the series. It is certainly a wonderful enterprise, admirably planned, and deserving the highest success. We shall deal on a future occasion with some of the scientific volumes, and have only space here to draw attention to the three books that come under the heading of *belles lettres*. Professor Herford's "Shakespeare" is "neither a compendium of the facts nor a guide to the theories about Shakespeare," but an attempt to single out "what appears most vital to our understanding" of his life and work. To do this in little more than eighty pages is a difficult task, but Professor Herford places the cardinal situations and characters before us in a fresh and attractive manner. In a companion volume Mr. A. G. Ferrers Howell has provided a capital introduction to "Dante." Mr. Howell gives more space than Professor Herford to the list of books for further study, but we miss from his selection such valuable aids to the English student of Dante as Vernon's "Readings," and the three volumes by the Rev. J. S. Carroll, the last of which appeared last autumn. "Pure Gold," by Mr. H. C. O'Neill, is an anthology of English lyrics and sonnets, ranging from Spenser to Henley and Francis Thompson.

Reviews.

ONE ASPECT OF GREEK RELIGION.

"The Higher Aspects of Greek Religion." By L. R. FARRELL, D.Litt. (Williams & Norgate. 6s. net.)

THIS is a good book. True, I have certain little differences with Dr. Farnell. His account of my own humble view that, in the course of centuries of recitation, the Homeric poems probably changed a good deal and dropped some traits of primitive barbarism, caused me a minute or two of surprise. But, on second reading, my trained Scottish intellect detected the presence of "deleterious wut," and passed on to more serious subjects. His treatment of the Gods as if they were historical persons with fixed characters rather distresses me. He speaks as if Apollo—as definite a person as Mahomet—came down a particular road from the North and established himself at Delphi and Delos, and had no Lycian blood in him. I should have thought that Apollo was more like a great composite cloud-figure, made up of vapors of worship which had drifted together from many sources, South and East as well as North. But probably this desire to analyse the Olympians into their elements is part of a whole scheme of ideas to which, as we all know, Dr. Farnell takes a vigorously rejective attitude. He wishes to hear nothing of matrilineal societies, nothing of totems or initiations, nothing of all the

"Phantasms that crawl from monster-teeming Cambridge
Through the all mis-creative brain of . . ."

well, of various distinguished authorities.

This, of course, I regret. Nevertheless, the book is beyond question good, the positive results sound, the illustrative passages wide in range, and the exposition pleasing. As in his other recent book, "Greece and Babylon," Dr. Farnell starts by accepting Greek religion as a finished whole, a definite anthropomorphic polytheism, each God and Goddess a fixed ethical personality, and the whole arranged on a basis of the patriarchal monogamic family. Marriage is not a matter of individual pleasure or passion, but a social-religious duty, and the high development of the ethics of the family is the "master-work of Greek religion." The family develops into the state; the sanctity of the father is akin to that of Zeus. Duty to the community, rather than personal sinlessness, is the foundation-stone of Greek religious ethics, and the community to which this duty is owing spreads by gradual stages beyond the bounds of the kindred to the Polis, beyond the particular Polis to include all Hellas, and eventually all humanity. The last chapter deals with the concomitant growth of personal religion, of the individual conscience in its direct relation to God.

This is all sound doctrine and well stated. The special value of the book lies chiefly in the wide and exact knowledge of Greek rituals which naturally belongs to the author of "Cults of the Greek States"; and the undue rejecting power of which we have ventured to complain has its advantages, too. It enables Dr. Farnell to concentrate on one part of his subject and make his exposition of that clear and undisturbed. One can find a few trivial points to criticise: p. 78, "Brauron" should more safely be "Munychia." It is a little odd to write (p. 133): "Even the religious-minded Aeschylus, when he describes the natural ways whereby the sinner might hope to soften or avert the wrath of God, can only think of various forms of sacrifices. . . . Tears are wholly unfamiliar to the Hellenes and alien to the religious spirit of Hellenism." One would hardly suspect that a very famous passage of Aeschylus (Ag. 70) says explicitly that the sinner can make his peace "neither by burnt sacrifice, nor libation, nor tears," only that on *a priori* grounds some scholars, and Dr. Farnell among them, have wished to cut the tears out. The passage from the "Troades," on p. 144, does not seem to me quite exactly translated. The being prayed to is, I think, Zeus, who or whatever Zeus may be. Nor does one quite see on the same page why θεῖα βροτῶν is translated "Mystery of our life." I find no variant in my text of Clement.

But let me conclude by quoting some specially good remarks. "An ecclesiastic domination was rendered impossible in Greece, partly by the absence of genius at Delphi, but mainly by the stubborn independence and centrifugal

instincts of the Greek Polis." "The Greek tended always to find a place in his religion for whatever he felt passionately about." "The earliest spokesman of the Hellenic race felt deeply the pity of things, and adjudged pitifulness to be the highest human and divine attribute." "No religion has ever exalted justice to a higher place in its system than was given it in the Hellenic." And it is at least a very interesting half-truth to speak of Plato's "unfortunate theory of the body as the impure prison-house of the soul, a theory destructive of the race-instincts of Hellenism."

GILBERT MURRAY.

THE THIRD GENERATION.

"The Life of Ernest Roland Wilberforce, first Bishop of Newcastle, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester." By J. B. ATLAY, M.A. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

BRAINS and character are not as a rule hereditary; very rarely in the world's annals has a famous father been succeeded by an equally famous son: chips of the old block remain mostly chips, and nothing more. The heritage of a great name is very often a hindrance rather than a help; conspicuous by means of it at first through no merit of his own, and disappointing unreasonable expectation, the younger man's répute falls below the level which it might have independently deserved; the public estimate of the pair, like the pillar of the Red Sea passage, shedding bright light on the preceding sire, dooming his successor to obscurity. This has, we think, been the case with Ernest Wilberforce. "A good man, but nothing like his father" has been on many lips his careless passport to oblivion. That he possessed great qualities, inherited or self-engendered, confronted formidable difficulties, accomplished lasting work, is shown convincingly, if sometimes with unnecessary amplitude, in Mr. Atlay's carefully-compiled biography.

The writer of these lines recalls the time when the flashing eloquence of Archdeacon Samuel Wilberforce, by its vivid contrast with the dronings of his brother canons, aroused attention from the unresponsive Winchester scholars who sat on Sunday around the tomb of William Rufus, beneath the Cathedral pulpit. At that time the three-year-old Ernest, one of five motherless children, was living in the family home at Lavington, Petworth. Of his childhood nothing is recorded, except that he was the leader of his brothers in every kind of mischief. Radley, Harrow, Oxford turned out a young gentleman of no great intellectual prowess, of magnificent strength and stature, exuberant vitality, reserved manners, and reticent speech; of high renown on the river, at the Bullingdon hurdles, and in McLaren's boxing class. From the "gloves" he learned a moral lesson which he expounded forty years later, to the great amusement of a Church Congress at Brighton.

At twenty-three years of age he married, to lose his young wife after only seven years of happiness. Her society seems to have aroused the serious side of his nature. He took Orders, and as Curate of Cuddesdon and his father's chaplain, entered zealously on a clerical life. After some years he became Vicar of Seaforth, in Lancashire, a "residential" town, peopled by opulent merchants and professional men, old-fashioned in habit of thought and worship, dreading nothing so much as Tractarian innovation. Innovation had to come, for practices were slovenly and machinery was rusty; but the young vicar showed tact and caution, won by straightforwardness the blunt Lancashire tempers, and bore with good humor the assaults of local newspapers and the freedom of anonymous correspondents; and when, after seven years of widowhood, he took to himself a second wife, her social adroitness knit more closely still the tie between parsonage and parish. His influence was soon to extend itself. His visits amongst the poor had burned into his soul the devastating effects of drink, and he threw himself with passionate ardor into the temperance crusade. His fame spread; his engagements multiplied; to himself, as well as to others, his power as a pulpit and platform speaker was revealed. Temperance oratory is sometimes of a kind which acts as a dissuasive rather than an enlistment of cultured persons wishing well to a righteous cause. But Wilberforce's was not of the blatant, the

hackneyed, or the canting sort; nor was it long confined to temperance; the religious experiments known formerly as "Revivals," and limited to Nonconformist churches, were beginning to appear under the name of "Missions" in the Anglican communities; and, as a "missioner," Ernest Wilberforce was henceforth especially to be known. Those who have never witnessed any of these remarkable phenomena when conducted by an accomplished hierophant may gain some idea of them from the account given in these pages of his Lent Mission to Quebec. They will be impressed by the effect of the addresses rather than by the addresses themselves. As we read of more than two thousand auditors—for the most part sedate, un hysterical, and even commonplace of temperament—roused to novel, passionate, spiritual emotion, augmenting rather than flagging during the three or four daily services of ten successive days, and issuing in the initiation or the confirmation of a steady, purposeful, religious life, we ascribe to the worker of these wonders not only strong personal conviction, apt and fluent speech, experience in spiritual pathology, but possession of that magnetic force—rare, incommunicable, *θεότενετος*—which, under the scientific title of "Suggestion," heals bodily maladies impervious to medical treatment. The ten days included forty-five addresses, the intervals taken up with personal interviews which often tore his heart-strings, and haunted him for weeks to come. "Who would be a confessor?" he wrote to his wife; "the sorrows of my heart are enlarged." It is not surprising that when it was wished to consecrate his great father's memory by a "Wilberforce Mission," which, centred in his Cathedral precincts, should labor to evangelise our native heathen in Portsmouth, Aldershot, and South London, the scheme should have been crowned by the selection of a Wilberforce as ruling missioner.

Through untoward circumstances of that exasperating kind for which nobody is to be blamed, the enterprise failed after Wilberforce had accepted the offer and quitted Seaford; but its abandonment left him free to undertake, at Lord Salisbury's request, the Bishopric of Newcastle, carved out of the ancient, overgrown See of Durham, and needing to be nursed by strong hands into independent order and vitality. For thirteen years he labored amongst the rough, kindly Northerners, who had known his father and his grandfather, and soon learned to love one who was "a man first and a bishop afterwards." We read of skilful organisation, minute supervision, compliments and conflicts, special kindness to the poorer clergy, whose Sunday services he would often take, that they might enjoy a well-earned holiday. The labor told at last upon his health. His walks at a tremendous pace, with which no one could keep up, and his annual fishing visits to Norway failed to counterbalance the stress of professional work, increased by his well-meant but pernicious habit of answering and addressing with his own hands every one of his countless letters. Each year found him more obnoxious to the bitter Northumberland winters; and he accepted, solely on climatic grounds, the southern Bishopric of Chichester. He must often have regretted the change; for, in the watering-places which fringe the Sussex coast were rampant, in all their illegality, the fantastic pranks of the neo-ritualistic clergy. Some of these yielded to his friendly remonstrances or his episcopal monitions; others obstinately persisted, bringing out in their long-suffering "Father" a patience such as no other on the Bench would have shown, but inflicting on him the worry which wears away health more certainly than over-work. Still, he enjoyed his life. The Norway fiords saw him with his fishing-rod every year; and he wandered sometimes amongst his old Lavington haunts, renewing acquaintance with the field laborers whom he had known and loved in early days; though the evils of their social lot, already pressing on the minds of statesmen and philanthropists, seem never to have appealed to him. He succumbed, after eleven years of rule, to the heart-failure which mauls so many of our noblest men in these days of over-work and under-rest. A selection of admiring and affectionate appreciations from notable laymen and clergymen forms a closing chapter. The book is well and pleasantly written. It gives, perhaps, too much space to the reproduction of the bishop's public utterances. Stale sermons, like stale speeches, if quoted at length, encumber a biography; briefly summarised, they assist it. Perhaps the

portrait is limned too entirely *sine verrucis*; that is a condition, as Mr. Atlay possibly discovered in one of his previous works, which besets all chronicles amenable to the partial criticism of near relations. It matters little here, for few envisaged characters—episcopal, at any rate—would be found more free from warts than that of Ernest Wilberforce.

PRINCIPLES OF NAVAL WAR.

"Some Principles of Naval Strategy." By JULIAN S. CORBETT, LL.M. (Longmans. 9s. net.)

It is very unfortunate that so much of our current naval literature is little better than political pamphleteering masquerading in the guise of historical or scientific work. The party purpose is often concealed in the thinnest of disguises, and the writer sometimes brings to his task more party zeal than expert knowledge. Mr. Corbett's book is of a very different kind. It belongs to the literature, not of party politics, but of statesmanship. It is scientific in the true sense of the word, and it will have a lasting value when the present controversies as to naval policy and the fitting standard of our shipbuilding programmes have become matters of history. This is high praise, but the book fully deserves it. The author has done an immense amount of good historical work, based on original research, which has made him exceptionally familiar with the realities of maritime war, and we see the clear gain of this in the practical common-sense spirit in which he develops his theoretical argument, and the aptness with which he illustrates his deductions by focussing principles upon concrete examples from our naval history.

It is the fashion to sum up the theory of naval war and the principles of naval policy in brief, catchy phrases that soon become journalistic clichés. Mr. Corbett has a healthy dislike for these easy roads to wisdom. He prefers to build up his theory by the patient consideration of the practical teachings of history, and he sets forth his conclusions in carefully guarded language. "It is the inherent evil of maxims," he remarks, "that they tend to get stretched beyond their original meaning." He points out that in such expressions as "we must make the enemy's coast our frontier," "the command of the sea depends upon battleships," and "cruisers are the eyes of the fleet," popular summaries of naval science, there is the expression of truth, but not the whole truth, and in such epigrammatic phrases there may lurk serious possibilities of misunderstanding. The problems he deals with are too complex for swift and easy solution. He writes for those who do not expect short cuts to knowledge, but are content to give serious study to a serious subject.

The title he has chosen for the book indicates that it has a wider scope than a mere discussion of purely naval operations. He explains this in his introductory chapter when he says:—

"We are accustomed, partly for convenience and partly from lack of a scientific habit of thought, to speak of naval strategy and military strategy as though they were distinct branches of knowledge, which had no common ground. It is the theory of war which brings out their intimate relation. It reveals that embracing them both is a larger strategy which regards the fleet and army as one weapon, which co-ordinates their action, and indicates the lines on which each must move to realise the full power of both. It will direct us to assign to each its proper function in a plan of war; it will enable each service to realise the better the limitations and the possibilities of the function with which it is charged, and how and when its own necessities must give way to a higher and more pressing need of the other. It discloses, in short, that naval strategy is not a thing by itself, that its problems can seldom or never be solved on naval considerations alone, but that it is only a part of maritime strategy—the higher learning that teaches us that for a maritime State to make successful war and to realise her special strength, army and navy must be used and thought of as instruments no less intimately connected than are the three arms ashore."

This may seem fairly obvious, but the obvious is often overlooked, and the point which Mr. Corbett here puts in the forefront of his argument has been utterly disregarded by some of the prophets of the "Blue-water School," whose wild exaggerations of Admiral Mahan's teachings have led them to strange results. "Maritime strategy" being one phase of war, Mr. Corbett sets out with an inquiry as to the nature of war in general. He takes the theory of

Clauseswitz as the basis of his argument, and points out that the great teacher in the progress of his unfinished work found himself compelled to distinguish between what has been called the "Napoleonic" idea of war—namely, a war waged for the complete overthrow of the enemy, and wars directed to securing some more limited and partial advantage; and he then shows that most of our wars have had this "limited" character. We owe this to being a maritime power, and there is deep meaning in Bacon's saying: "This much is certain, that he that commands the sea is at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of the war as he will."

It is to this advantage we owe it that England has so often been able, while assuming a mainly defensive attitude, to choose at will the point for combined naval and military attack at the fitting opportunity, largely adding to the power of a relatively small striking force by making the sea its base. But everything depends on the secure command of the sea. The greater part of Mr. Corbett's work is devoted to an investigation into the precise meaning of this "command," and the means by which it is secured and exercised. There is a well-reasoned protest against the popular idea that the multiplication of battleships is its one security. The function of the cruiser and of smaller units is examined in the light of history, and it is shown that the cruiser has another and very important work to do besides being the "eyes of the fleet."

In dealing with the protection of commerce, Mr. Corbett incidentally demolishes the theory that the larger is our oversea trade the more exposed we are to injury from an active enemy, and he rejects the conclusion that because a foreign country with a smaller sea-borne commerce puts its naval expenditure at a figure which represents a high percentage on the value of that commerce, we must "pay the same rate of insurance." He dissects the popular fallacy of the vulnerability of our trade by showing that it is the nation that has most merchant ships upon the sea that can best afford to risk, and even endure, losses that for a smaller mercantile marine would be ruinous. As to the general question of the protection of our commerce, he argues that the problem has been considerably simplified by modern developments, and especially by the coming of wireless telegraphy.

There was an attempt lately to work up a kind of retrospective scare about the distribution of our fleet in the anxious days of the Morocco crisis. Mr. Corbett's lucid explanation of the meaning of concentration in modern naval strategy supplies a sufficient answer to the wild talk of some of the "naval experts" on that occasion. He shows that concentration does not imply the massing of a multitude of ships at a single point. And he is able to quote in support of his arguments the weighty critical authority of Admiral Mahan, who speaks of "concentration reasonably understood" being the grouping of ships and squadrons, "not huddled together like a flock of sheep, but distributed with a regard to a common purpose, and linked together by the effectual energy of a single will."

The chapters on defence against invasion supply a very complete answer to those prophets of disaster who are always imagining that some day the astute foreigner will contrive a means of outwitting our admirals and landing an army on our shores. Our author analyses the methods that have given us security in the past, and shows that present conditions are all in our favor. The following passage may be taken as summing up his teaching:—

"Since the expedient of forcing an invasion by the strength of a powerful battleship escort has always been rejected as an inadmissible operation, the invader has had no choice but to adopt a separate line for his army, and operate with his fleet in such a way as may promise to prevent the enemy controlling that line. That, in short, is the problem of invasion over an uncommanded sea. In spite of an unbroken record of failure, scored at times with naval disaster, Continental strategists, from Parma to Napoleon, have clung obstinately to the belief that there is a solution short of a complete fleet decision. They have tried every conceivable expedient again and again. They have tried it by simple surprise evasion, and by evasion through diversion or dispersion of our naval defence. They have tried it by seeking local control through a local naval success prepared by surprise, or by attempting to entice our fleet away from home waters to a sufficient extent to give them, temporarily, local superiority. But the end has always been the same. Try as they would, they were faced ultimately by one of two alternatives—they must either defeat our covering battle-fleet in battle, or they must close their own battle-fleet on the transports,

and so set up the very situation which it was their main design to avoid. The truth is that all attempts to invade England without command of the sea have moved in a vicious circle, from which no escape was ever found."

Raids are still possible, but they have become a more dangerous business for the raider, and the more dangerous in proportion to the strength of the raiding expedition. A home army is necessary as a safeguard against such enterprises, and to compel the would-be raider to increase his own difficulties by risking a greater force. Here, again, the problem to be solved by an enemy of England has not been simplified, but has been made more difficult by the progress of invention.

We have said enough to show the importance of Mr. Corbett's work. It is a book that deserves, not merely to be read, but to be studied by all who take an intelligent interest in the naval problems of the day.

THE ARTIST AS PARADOX.

"Oscar Wilde: A Critical Study." By ARTHUR RANSOME (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. RANSOME has carried through an extremely difficult piece of work with very great ability. We are all agreed at this time of day that to allow the disaster of Wilde's life to influence our judgment of his work is a critical absurdity, and Mr. Ransome does well to make that fact perfectly clear at the outset. But even with the removal of this purely arbitrary hindrance, the consideration of Wilde the artist is one beset with unusual complexities. Examine the matter as we will, the fact remains that here was a man endowed with gifts which have rarely been surpassed, who yet left behind him nothing that stands clearly on a high plane of creative art. To charge him with insincerity is but to beg the question, for, as Mr. Ransome says with admirable precision:—

"The artist is he who, remembering this mood or that, can hold it fast and maintain it long enough for the making of a work of art. We do not ask him to retain it further. The shaping of his mood in words or in clay has already changed his personality. The writer of a mad song need not gibber in the streets. Golden phrases lose none of their magnificence if he who made them wears plain homespun when we meet him in the market-place. He has been a king for a moment, and given us his kingship for ever. We can ask no more."

The truth of the matter is that Wilde, with all his subtle powers of perception, lacked the first necessity of the artist's being—a vital curiosity about life. His vision was extraordinarily acute, but it was steadily thrown on to inessential things. "If he had been rich," says Mr. Ransome, "I think it possible that he would have been a des Esseintes or a Dorian Gray, and left nothing but a legend and a poem or two, and a few curiosities of luxury to find their way into the sale-rooms." And again, "Wilde's work is distinguished from the greatest in this: it is not overheard." "The Sphinx," which of all his imaginative work is most likely to endure, is an epitome of his artistic compass. It is so carefully and fitly wrought as to reach the perfection of expression that is reserved only for the great among artists, and yet it has nothing of the substance upon which great art is built. It is concerned with a thousand floating colors and scents of experience, never with experience itself. It is this fact that makes Wilde the artist a lasting paradox, and constitutes the difficulty of Mr. Ransome's work. It is a common enough thing to hear of writers whose faculty of utterance is greatly in excess of their understanding of the world; but, as a matter of fact, they are the rarest manifestations in literature. Wilde had the voice of inspiration; but he had, from first to last, the mind of a *dilettante*, of a splendid amateur of life; or, more properly speaking, of certain remote byways of life. It is the highest tribute to Mr. Ransome's critical powers to say that writing, as he should do, with a full enthusiasm for his subject, he nevertheless contrives to leave us with this cumulative impression.

The book is a thoroughly well-balanced study both of Wilde's work and his personality. It contains, inevitably, conclusions which will not pass undisputed. We question the judgment, for example, that hears in Wilde an echo of the pre-Raphaelites; we should say that he scarcely had a fibre in common with them. But we get more than com-

pensation for these doubtful moments in the many opportunities of which Mr. Ransome avails himself to digress into general considerations of art and life. It would be quite unjust to say that his book fails in any way as an interpretation of its subject; but it has a definite value apart from such interpretation. Mr. Ransome is, in short, a constructive critic, one who is establishing an enviable reputation for himself, and he frequently uses Wilde as a text rather than as a subject. It is true that he never allows himself to lose sight of his text altogether, and we cannot help feeling at times that, in the present case, this fact is in some degree a curb to his own temperament. His last book was, we believe, on Poe. A long course of Poe and Wilde is apt to surround one with the artificial atmosphere of the hot-house. We are grateful for the work that Mr. Ransome has done, but we await with no little eagerness the time when he shall bring himself into close contact with natures more robust than those of whom he has written in these two books. Wilde, if not Poe, was a will-o'-the-wisp in letters, fascinating and memorable enough, but still unrelated to the normal life of the world. And it is in writing of normal life in its profound simplicity that the critic, as the artist, must look to find his complete expression.

JOHN WILSON OF DURHAM.

"Memoirs of a Labor Leader: The Autobiography of John Wilson, M.P." (Unwin. 5s. net.)

JOHN WILSON was born in the same year as Thomas Burt, which was that of Queen Victoria's accession, not, as he says, of her crowning. Many years were to elapse before these two men found themselves working together in a common cause in a great and fruitful period—an interval filled up in John Wilson's case by an astounding variety of hard experiences. His father became a fugitive from justice in consequence of a poaching affray, not long before the mother died, and thenceforth spent his life in wandering about the country evading capture, and in work as a navvy. "Never to my knowledge," says Mr. Wilson, "did we live more than six months in any place until we reached Stanhope, in Wear-dale, when I was eleven." Then, in nine months from this unusually long settlement in Weardale, the father died, leaving behind him an orphan boy who had been his companion in tramps all over England and much of Scotland, who had slept with him in hedge-bottoms and under the sides of haystacks, and who had found his strange father a combination of judicious severity and great tenderness, to be loved in memory just as he might have been loved had he provided all the comforts and advantages of a prosperous home.

In an introduction to this book, the Dean of Durham remarks that in Mr. Wilson's story of his life there is "no time spent in sighing over the pinching squalidness of a pit-village child: there is neither self-exaltation nor soft pity over the sharp struggle that Wilson had to make in half a century of toil." The book is indeed a manly book. There is nothing in it which strikes one more forcibly or favorably than the way in which John Wilson, at all times, from his boyhood onward, faced the facts of life, without seeming to feel that they were rather against him. He took everything as it came, without casting blame on any hostile powers, but carrying about with him in his wide wanderings the most persevering determination to throw himself into conflict with tyranny wherever he found it, and an inexpugnable sense that nobody must be allowed to bully John Wilson. His father's roving life saved him from a very early experience of the coal-pit. In his childhood the conditions of labor in the mines were such as now seem incredible, even as having always been impossible. The Royal Commission appointed in 1840 reported that in Northumberland and Durham many children began work at very early ages. In one case, at least, a child was taken into the pit at four and a-half years old. A head-viewer, who afterwards became Sir George Elliot, told the Commission that he had known boys of five years of age in some pits, and that he could give the names of boys of five employed in the pits of Durham. John Wilson began his working days above ground, in a quarry, at wages of fourpence-halfpenny a day. Then, after his father's

death, he was for some time on a farm, and did not enter a coal mine until he was well on to thirteen years of age. At sixteen he was leading a strike. The putter-boys would not remain in a pit because they were refused money that was owing to them. Wilson was asked by an overman if he intended to go back to work. What followed is thus recorded:—

"I replied, 'No, I am not, unless you promise to pay me.' He then knocked me down into the middle of the way, and kicked me for some time. When he put the question again, I answered, 'You may kill me if you like; but I am not going in.' What would have been the consequence I cannot say, for just at that moment a hewer, named Quinn, came out, and he stopped him, and said, 'Let the lad alone, you brute, or it will be you and me for it.' The overman, like all human brutes, must have had a cowardly base, for he desisted, and Quinn helped me up and 'out-by.' I was in bed for three days."

Wilson's neighbors came, in time, to call him a "rolling stone." He suggests that he led rather a wild life; but as he has that religious temperament which would lead him to exaggerate the character of past wildnesses, he may be suspected of having been rather better than the average young man of his time and class. This is evident, in fact, from some portions of his narrative. However, the wandering instinct was uncontrollably strong within him, and though he had a sweetheart, who afterwards became Mrs. Wilson, and who is praised and mourned in this book with the deepest affection and the keenest sense of loss, he went off a-sailing, first in the coasting trade, and then for voyages as far as India, under conditions worse than those of pit-life, and with the addition of the chance, which was a more frequent one in those days, of being drowned. Whatever was the kind of work he was doing, he put his whole heart into it. He had been a good pitman, and he became a good sailor. There was one day on which he was kept six hours at the wheel in a storm, because the captain trusted his powers of steering more than those of any other man in the ship.

Strong persuasion, chiefly that of the able, handsome, and motherly woman who became his wife, induced him to go into the pit again on his return from the Indian voyage; but his ability to remain stationary in Durham did not last long. As he says, "The spirit of change seized upon me, and America was the goal. . . . After we had been married a year we began serious preparations for the journey." John Wilson's mind was so firmly set on his purpose that though trade unionism was by that time taking genuine root, and though when the officers were appointed he was proposed as secretary, in April, 1864, Mr. Wilson and his wife, burdened with a particularly small amount of luggage, set off as steerage passengers for New York. "We are gannen very canny to the bottom," said Mrs. Wilson, in the midst of a storm, during which the companion-ways were battened down for ten nights; but the prophecy was fortunately not fulfilled, and in the course of his American experiences Wilson acquired much of that skill in advocacy and in organisation which gives its special appropriateness to the title of this book.

"There was a time," says Mr. Wilson, "when trade unionism was feared, its initiation opposed by all means possible, and the man who sought to establish it was regarded as a messenger of evil, to be driven out of the locality." This was the time when he came back from the United States, and before long an attempt was made by the colliery officials to turn him out of the pit-village in which he had settled in his native county. His crime was that he had invited William Crawford, afterwards his predecessor as member for Mid-Durham, to sleep in his cottage. "You took him to lodge, too," said the colliery manager. "Why did you do that?" Wilson replied: "The house I am in"—it was a two-roomed house, and Mr. Crawford had only been taken in for one night, because nobody else in the village would give him a shelter—"is paid for by my labor, and it is, therefore, mine while I am working in the colliery. I will take whom I like to lodge, and I will neither ask you for leave to do it nor tell you why I do it." Mr. Wilson's services were at the next yearly binding rejected with quite gratuitous insults. But it was not only the colliery managers who were opposed to efforts to establish trade unions. Men like William Crawford and Wilson himself were sometimes hooted and sometimes stoned. Even in these changed times the position of leader among the miners is

often enough pretty hard to endure. That was the case during the great lock-out, wrongly called the strike, of 1879. It was a tediously long affair, involving much destitution. Emigration agents were driving an unprecedentedly prosperous trade in the main streets of Durham. The miners sold their furniture, and took their families to America with the proceeds. They went by scores and hundreds, and even thousands, and those who remained blamed their leaders for what could have been prevented only by a mean surrender. "If one of those who were at the head of affairs appeared in the street and passed a group of men, insult was rampant," says Mr. Wilson, who would have been thrown into the river Wear but for the accidental bursting of a drum. "It went off with a loud report, and the cry was, 'They are firing guns!' In a moment a panic seized the people, and, as is recorded of the battle of Stanhope over the moor hen, 'those who ran fastest got soonest out of town.'"

Mr. Wilson was selected for office in the Durham Miners' Association in 1875. He had declined it before, desiring to devote his leisure to local preaching and platform work in connection with temperance and co-operation. But in the year just mentioned the miners put him on every Committee in the Association. He then became a Labor leader in the most exact sense. For some time he travelled about the mining centres of England as an organiser. In 1882 he became General Treasurer of the Durham Miners' Association, and in 1890 its General Secretary. Five years before this he had been returned to Parliament, one of a batch of twelve direct representatives of Labor, for the Houghton Division of Durham. He did not remain long in Parliament on that occasion; but his first speech stirred the heart of the House and the mind of the country. Honors of most kinds have since then fallen to his share. In 1887 he was a member of the Peace Deputation to America, and received the heartiest possible welcome from President Cleveland and the American people—a welcome to all his comrades, but in a way made special to him. He is a county justice; he has been a member of the Durham County Council from its foundation, and succeeded Mr. Samuel Storey as its chairman. He has had great friendships, with Bishop Westcott, for example, and has done great deeds, as in connection with county enfranchisement, and more especially in brave works of rescue when there had been explosives in mines. And here he tells the story of his life, with too much reserve in the later portions, in a style without pretension, and in a spirit of love and comradeship for all those with whom he has been associated in the Old World or the New.

A PLOUGHBOY'S STORY.

"The Story of a Ploughboy: Told by Himself." By JAMES BRYCE. (Lane. 6s.)

"THE STORY OF A PLOUGHBOY," which is frankly autobiographical, does not seem exactly "of the people." Mr. "James Bryce," which we take to be a pseudonym, tells us nothing of his birth, his parents' circumstances, or how he has come to write so nervously excellent a style. Perhaps he can claim "gentle blood," or perhaps it is the advantage of Scottish brains and education that accounts for his superiority over the Southron. In any case, while his tone is more refined than that of most middle-class writers, his pictures, fortunately, are almost as frank and unvarnished as those of an eighteenth-century novelist. This is, indeed, his value, for no man of cultivated intelligence would desire the blacks of his picture to be toned down to suit the susceptibilities of the drawing-room. Frankly, the brutality of the manners of the Scottish peasantry, as exemplified in the ploughman, Big Pate's, revolting cruelty to the lad Jamie, and the neighbors' indifference to the same, appears almost medieval. The narrative of Jamie's daily tortures at the hands of his tyrant, and the latter's reckless savagery, is quite in keeping with the hard brutality of the Gourlays in "The House with the Green Shutters." To find a parallel in an English story we should have to go back many years, though, of course, isolated examples of vindictive cruelty are quite as common in English as in Scottish life. In "The Story of a Ploughboy" these painful scenes are set off most artistically by poor Jamie's boyish passion for the gracious Miss Maymie, "the laird's daughter, well-

born, rich, beautiful, worthy to be a noble's bride, while I was a farm lad, with five pounds for my half-year's fee, the meanest creature on her father's land." Beautiful in their poignant truth, indeed, are the passages that recount how the suffering lad could not leave the farm at Abbot's Mailing but stayed on defying his enemy, in order merely to know that his mistress was near by, and that he had a chance of seeing her. "To leave the district was to leave Miss Maymie. I could as soon have torn out my heart." This ideal passion was, of course, wholly the work of his imagination, for only on rare occasions did the lad meet his queen, and then, in his timid secretiveness, he held his head averted, feigning to be indifferent. Yet in the night, after a day of frantic toil, after striving in desperate agony to keep pace with the field-work, so as to escape Big Pate's merciless cruelty, Jamie would wake from his sleep of exhaustion to indulge in wild, delirious dreams of his lady, "living with her in another world, and sharing her pure thoughts, and even expressing them in her diction and accent." One is reminded of Shakespeare's saying, "The lover, the lunatic, the poet, are of imagination all compact." Under threat of worse treatment, while bearing on his body the marks, in weals and gashes, of floggings and kickings, the lad had to rob the heirosts, and thieve dainties for the head ploughman, till at last he determined to commit suicide. How he was saved from a watery grave by hearing a goldfinch chuckling on a bush near by is told with simple sincerity. But more touching is the letter sent by little Teen, the country lassie who, unrequited, loves Jamie, to Admiral Seton, a letter which at last procures Jamie his release from his tyrant:—

"HONoured SIR,—I take the pen in hand to tell you that a boy in this place will soon be murdered if you do not save him, and his name is James Bryce, serving with Gow at the Mailing Farm. The first ploughman, Pate Mackinlay, kicks him every day and leather him with a halter, and he is black and blue under the clothes, as witnesses can certify. Pate wants to drive him away because he thinks Mr. Gow may make him his heir. And he is lying at death's door at Mr. Ralston's, Cambuslochan. Oh, honoured sir, he has no one to help him but you, and he has no father or mother. So, if you will save him, the blessing of the orphan and the fatherless will be upon you.

"Honoured sir, please excuse the great liberty of writing you, you being the laird, and not needing to care for anyone, and so can help him."

Jamie, from this time, entered the Admiral's service, and speedily recommended himself to the big landowner. Part II. deals with his quick rise in the world, his position as assistant factor, his experiences of estate management, and his sycophancy in his master's interests. Perhaps this is the most valuable portion of the book, for the author has the candor to set forth the exact steps by which he makes himself grateful to his superiors, and "grinds the faces of the poor." In fact, he is not so tyrannical as many a man would have been in his place; but he hastens to suggest plans by which the Admiral can close a cherished right-of-way, "screw up tenants' rents, dismiss old workers, and plot and scheme for getting hold of small properties." It is all so human, this identification of his own interests with his master's; but it comes as a great shock to him when an old cottage woman, whose husband has been had up and fined for snaring a rabbit, tells Jamie that he will do any dirty trick to scrape favor with those he serves. He begins to reflect on his life "since he was lifted from the dung-hill," and it is about this period that he is sent on business journeys to Wiston Court, the estate of Lady Soar, née Miss Maymie, and there gets into touch with local Socialists. The psychological analysis of the change in his outlook is rather obscure; but, as often happens in life, dissatisfaction with himself and his actions oppresses him without his exactly knowing why. His boyish love for Miss Maymie has been replaced by complete indifference, and he gets engaged to a middle-class English girl, Nina; but his fiancée pulls him in one direction, and his social conscience in another. What opens his eyes most of all is the treatment of the Claygate fire-clay miners at the works of Mr. Lyon, the philanthropist and evangelist, who imports Russian Poles and gets rid of all his employees to save himself from paying them another halfpenny an hour. The strikers and their families are all evicted from their houses, and, finally, have to leave the district. When Jamie speaks his mind on this subject to the clerk, Rankin, the latter rejoins

March 9, 1912.]

THE NATION.

959

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ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was 60,012, assuring the sum of £5,396,721 and producing a new annual premium income of £325,699. The premiums received during the year were £4,812,268, being an increase of £6,147 over the year 1910. The claims of the year amounted to £3,423,273. The number of deaths was 8,471, and 20,862 endowment assurances matured.

The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 901,693.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were £7,631,408, being an increase of £205,091. The claims of the year amounted to £2,976,058, including £277,083 bonus additions. The number of claims and surrenders, including 4,488 endowment assurances matured, was 373,641. The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards, who desired to discontinue their payments, was 140,617, the number in force being 1,705,885. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 43,668.

The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was 19,041,748; their average duration exceeds twelve years.

The assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the balance-sheet, after deducting the amount written off securities, are £81,239,682, being an increase of £3,710,456 over those of 1910.

The Directors are pleased to announce an increase in the rate of bonus of both branches of the Company, as follows:—

In the Ordinary Branch a reversionary bonus at the rate of £1 16s. per cent. on the original sums assured has been added to all classes of participating policies issued since the year 1876. This is an increase of two shillings per cent. over the rate declared for the past two years.

In the Industrial Branch a bonus addition will be made to the sums assured on all policies of over five years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 8th of March, 1912, to the 6th of March, 1913, both dates inclusive as follows:—

PREMIUMS PAID FOR.		BONUS ADDITION TO SUMS ASSURED.
5 years and less than	10 years	£5 per cent.
10 "	" "	£10 "
15 "	" "	£15 "
20 "	" "	£20 "
30 "	" "	£30 "
40 "	" "	£40 "
50 "	" "	£50 "
and upwards.		

This is an increase over the rate declared for last year of from ten to thirty per cent. for all policies upon which over 30 years' premiums have been paid.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance-sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY, Chairman.
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P. S. GREGORY, } Joint Managers.

D. W. STABLE,
J. SMART,
Joint Secretaries.
FREDK. SCHOOLING,
A. C. THOMPSON,
Joint Managers.

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.

sharply that Jamie himself is serving Admiral Seton, a director of the company, who would do the same thing on his own estate. Jamie thinks it out, and sees that the charge is true:—

"Now a chance word drew my thoughts homewards to the people I knew best, my own folk in short. Admiral Seton, according to the clerk, was living on his ploughmen. The clerk would reason it out in this way: The rents from the *Lewis* farms were the foundations of the admiral's wealth, and the labor that really raised those rents was contributed by the workers on the land—the ploughmen, the cattle-men, the dairy-maids, the odd laborers, male and female. The farmer, if you like, directed the work, more often they only drove on their hands, and their main function was to sell the produce for the biggest price going. Rankin was right; thus, it was the laborers, to give them one convenient name, the ploughmen, who furnished the admiral with his income. How they lived I knew, for I had lived with them. A bothy, or a but-and-been cottage, was their home, a pound a week their pay. For this they had to rise at half-past five in the morning and be on duty till after eight at night, for though their working day was ten hours, they had to feed and groom their horses before and after being out of doors, and on many farms, the Mailing for one, they visited the stables every night at eight to give their pairs a final look. Still, it was not the wearing toil, the long hours, the meagre wage, that impressed me; it was rather their dependent position. A farmer, or to go a step back, a laird, had them in his hands. Not, it is true, while the ploughman was in his best years, for a capable man of full vigor would seldom lack a situation. Though he lost one master, he could find another, if that is independence. Even this was impossible if once he reached middle life. Greed for the last pennyworth of labor made the farmer dispense with a man as soon as grey hairs began to show, and the cast-off drudge, aged before his time with work and exposure, drifted into the village and trusted to casual labor for a living. For most the end was the parish. On such men the admiral and his family lived in luxury."

The Admiral is a kindly man, but he does not scruple to order his agents to descend to "dirty tricks," in order to get into his hands the coveted Cambuslochan, a little estate belonging to Jamie's friend, Mr. Ralston, which will round off his great estate. Jamie shams illness to escape doing this dirty work; but he is now so ill at ease with himself that he soon resigns his position, and hires himself out to old Cowbrough, the fruit-farmer. The descriptions of the slave-driving of the strawberry-pickers are interspersed with the author's reflections on the present system, and how it is that "we working people are keeping ourselves and our fellow-workers down"; and the story closes with an account of the author's attempt to live the simple life in farming a little orchard that his friends ultimately rent for him. One cannot but respect Mr. James Bryce for his manly endeavors to put into practice the Socialistic tenets he has arrived at. His story is, in a sense, inconclusive, but in this it is true to life and the experience of all who are struggling with modern industrial conditions. It is undoubtedly a healthy sign that such books should appear, for they voice the half-formulated feelings of a vast body of dumb workers, who, as yet unpermeated by Socialistic ideas, are nevertheless ripe for any economic change. For the middle class to ignore the significance of such books as "*The Story of a Ploughboy*" is to recall the old proverb about the Fool's Paradise.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Afterthoughts." By the Right Hon. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS latest instalment of Mr. Russell's essays has all the urbanity and easy charm that distinguished its predecessors. Unbound by the trammels of any system beyond the mood of the moment, Mr. Russell chats of Kingsley and the early Christian Socialists, of Disraeli and Matthew Arnold, of political novels, the Coronation, headmasters, Christmas cards, public dinners, and Mr. Chesterton. On these and many other subjects he is always entertaining, usually witty, and sometimes wise. He yields to no man—not even to Mr. A. C. Benson—in his knowledge of bishops, and possesses the further advantage of knowing something about curates as well. Perhaps the most interesting essay in the collection is that on Charles Kingsley. Mr. Russell knew Kingsley personally, and he describes him as a man of fiery temperament, nervous, and restless in all his movements, actions, and gestures. One of his peculiarities was

that, except on Sundays, he always dressed like a layman; "and in his grey breeches and gaiters, thick shooting-boots, and parti-colored tie, he might have passed for a farmer, a gamekeeper, or a country gentleman." Of Kingsley's master and friend, Frederick Denison Maurice, Mr. Russell writes that his "splendid but mysterious genius occupies a place in English theology similar to that which is occupied by Turner in English art." The comparison is a happy one, though we doubt whether modern theologians are as ready to admit their debt to Maurice as modern artists are to Turner. In "*Gladstone on Hymns*," we have a subject made for Mr. Russell's pen. We are given an account of a dinner party at Mr. Russell's house, where the guests included Gladstone, Acton, Mr. Sydney Buxton, Professor Shuttleworth, and the editor of this journal. Mr. Gladstone seized on the occasion to expound his views on the subject of Hymnody and its accompaniments. He spoke in the highest terms of Scott's version of the "*Dies Iræ*," laying special stress on the lines:—

When shivering like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll."

to which there is nothing to correspond in the original. Among other hymns he esteemed are: "*Rock of Ages*," "*Art thou Weary?*" and "*Hark! my Soul, it is the Lord,*" but Mr. Russell quotes a very adverse criticism of "*Jesu, Lover of my Soul.*" In Gladstone's opinion it has no unity, no cohesion, no climax, no procession, and no special force.

* * *

"Mending Men: the Adult School Process." By EDWARD SMITH, J.P. With Introduction by the Rev. R. F. HORTON, D.D. (Religious Tract Society. 1s. net.)

THIS little book explains very clearly the good work done by the Men's Adult Schools. A Black Country workman called "Sam" is the hero of the story, and Sam, in a number of letters to Mr. Edward Smith, tells us of his conversion, of the material prosperity and gladness of heart that followed the conversion, and of his untiring and successful efforts to reclaim his fellow-workmen from heavy drinking. These letters are all written very simply and sincerely. They are full of the spiritual fervor of an evangelist, and reveal quite naturally the egotism of the writer—whose conversion is ever in his eyes a miracle of the boundless grace of God. Sam is so fully alive to the benefits he has received, and counts his blessings so audibly, that his enthusiasm must be contagious. Drink is the one evil in his eyes that keeps men from religion and common decency, and the gain in domestic comfort to the total abstinençe workman is shown to be prodigious. Sam is a large-hearted lover of his kind, and the Adult School provides him with the necessary outlet for his missionary zeal. The Adult School also, it is plain, is a valuable social agency, which makes for good citizenship. And it does wonders in the way of getting men up early on Sunday mornings.

* * *

"The Story of Spanish Painting." By CHARLES H. CAFFIN. (Uawin. 4s. 6d. net.)

If there is any general distinction to be drawn between this book and the companion volume on the Dutch School that preceded it, it is that the former betrays the author's personal sympathies more clearly than did the latter. Fortunately, however, his experience and sense of proportion prevent him from carrying his artistic preferences to excess, and though—to take a single instance—he writes with less conviction of Velasquez than of El Greco, there is a justness about his estimate of both these artists that forbids serious complaint. One point on which he dwells with considerable skill and eloquence is what he terms the "obviousness" of Spanish naturalism in the school paintings of religious subjects which the Catholic Church directed and controlled to an extent unknown in any other country. Pictures had primarily to be sermons in the Middle Ages; and the more boldly and plainly stated their subject was, the greater was their value in the eyes of the mail-listed ecclesiastics who made use of them. Hence the paucity of temperamental painters with the courage to express themselves as well as the theme they were called upon to treat. A cast-iron tradition held Spanish art in its grip until quite modern times; with the result that the few who broke away from it—men like El Greco, at the end of the sixteenth century, and Goya, two

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The Claims of the year amounted to £1,281,144 14 1

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By order of the Court, separate meetings of the holders of the preferred ordinary shares of the General Motor Cab Company, Limited, and of the holders of deferred shares, were held on Monday, the 4th inst., at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., to consider, and if thought fit to approve, a scheme of arrangement. Mr. D. Dalziel presided.

The Chairman, having explained the object of the meeting, said that the financial position of the company might briefly be summed up as having an issued share liability of £322,946, and a debt, including the outstanding debentures, of £536,972. On the other hand, the assets were roughly, £1,300,000. The desirability of fresh capital was obvious, but it must not be inferred either that the business was not a satisfactory one, or that the proposals now before the shareholders were to be looked upon with disapproval. The present proposals were put forward by an Anglo-French group, and under these the whole of the outstanding debenture debt, interest, and premiums would be provided for, as well as all the outstanding trade and future capital commitments of the company. It was proposed that a new company should be formed to take over all the assets and to provide and pay at once all the liabilities of the company. The capital of the new company would be £516,500, divided into 125,000 cumulative preference shares at £4 each, 220,000 non-cumulative preference shares of 1s. each, and 110,000 ordinary shares of 1s. each. The cumulative preference shares would be entitled to cumulative preferential dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, and would be preferential as to capital. The non-cumulative preference shares would be entitled, subject to the rights of the cumulative preference shares, to a preferential dividend of 3s. per share per annum, and on a winding-up to receive out of the surplus assets a sum of £2 per share. After payment of these dividends, and a sum of 10 per cent. of the balance profit to the directors, the surplus profits available for dividend would be divided in equal thirds between the holders of the cumulative, non-cumulative, and the ordinary shares. The various other rights of the shareholders were set out in the circular of which they had received a copy. The proposal provided that the holders of the existing preferred ordinary shares in the present company should receive in exchange for each share a non-cumulative share in the new company, accompanied by the right to subscribe for one new cumulative preference share for every three preferred ordinary shares held in the present company. Having examined briefly how the exchange affected the holders of the existing shares, Mr. Dalziel stated that he felt bound to say, looking at the matter dispassionately, that he would rather hold shares in the new company under the conditions proposed than in the old company under existing conditions. He had no personal part in framing or deciding upon the acceptance of the details of the proposals. The control and direction of affairs had long since passed into the hands of their French friends, and while they have carefully considered every point in the shareholders' interest, their view is that so long as the shareholders received the benefits which accrue to a £2 share, it did not matter very much what it was called, while the advantage of cutting the capital down to the utmost limit was manifest.

Complaint has been made by one or two shareholders—to be quite accurate, by four shareholders—that the balance-sheet and accounts for last year had not been distributed before these meetings. It would be against his own opinion if he did not admit that there was a good deal of justice in these complaints, even though they had been voiced by only four shareholders. It would have been preferable had it been possible to issue the accounts first, although they could have had no possible bearing upon the result of the meeting. Unfortunately, however, this could not be done within the time limit given to complete the arrangements. He would ask their indulgence for a few moments on purely personal matters. He wished the shareholders to understand his position in the matter. In December, 1910, the control of the company passed into the hands of their French friends, who were represented by a considerable majority upon the board. His French colleagues had loyally done their best to obtain the most favorable terms possible for the old shareholders, and had placed before them a proposal which he considered it his duty to advise them to accept. He had no personal interest in the proposals except as a shareholder. He thought the scheme on its merits was on the whole a good one, although there were one or two things he would have preferred to see treated differently. It was not his intention to be connected with the board of the new company, but his best wishes would go to the enterprise. In conclusion, the Chairman thought that the new company with a clean slate, no debentures, practically no liabilities, ample available resources, and a capital reduced by nearly 50 per cent., with the careful and expert management it would receive, would be a permanent and brilliant success.

After some discussion, the scheme was carried by a large majority.

centuries later—are flagrant revolutionaries in contrast with their orthodox artistic brethren. Of Mr. Caffin's chapters on individual painters, those on Velasquez, El Greco, and Goya are the most important; but Murillo's claims as a great illustrator are treated sympathetically, and a plausible explanation is tendered of his popularity with the lay public and his fallen reputation with artists and critics. More space and attention might, we think, have been devoted to Alonzo Cano, whose merits are practically a new discovery; but Mazo, with his reflected glory, Zurbaran, Ribera, and other lesser lights, are handled adequately if briefly in a volume that will establish still more firmly Mr. Caffin's reputation for synthetic vision and sympathetic analysis.

The Week in the City.

		Price Friday morning, March 1.	Price Friday morning, March 8.
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Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	...	102½	102
Union Pacific	...	107½	170

ONCE more Home Markets have been entirely dominated by the coal strike and everything has depended upon speculations as to its duration. On the whole, stocks have been amazingly firm, and small investors seem to be buying Home Railways whenever there is a considerable drop. A dealer in this market thinks that, at present prices and yields, there is a good deal to be said for judicious purchases. Another authority told me he could not take a favorable view of American Railways. Trade and traffics have been so bad, and politics are so menacing, that he quite anticipates another shrinkage. Wall Street compares its misery ruefully with the apparent boom in Canada, whose Railway traffics, even after an awful winter, are comparatively favorable. But the portentous rate at which Canada has been borrowing in London inspires cautious men with the fear that a financial slump and a really severe crisis may have to be faced before long. The Foreign Market has been generally firm, but quiet. There is some fear lest the contagion of the English coal strike may spread over the Continent. In Germany especially—where the miners are, of course, worse paid—there is a great deal of unrest. Other bad features have been the increasing troubles in Mexico, whence Americans are departing in alarming numbers, and the revival of turbulence and anarchy in China. The latest news is rather better, but the best Chinese news is almost worthless. I fancy the ferment has spread far, and may take long to subside. For the moment the London Money Market is in an interesting state. The banks are naturally cautious and conservative, in view of the commercial crisis which must come, unless the coal war is brought to a speedy termination. Money is extremely tight, and the market is borrowing freely from the Bank. Evidently no immediate ease is expected, as bills are being discounted at the Bank into May. At Berlin, also, the Imperial Bank is reported to be taking severe measures to enforce caution, for some of the credit houses there are not in a very liquid condition. The shipping trade in all our ports and all over the world has been completely disorganized by the great strike; for the stoppage of coal cargoes and the lack even of bunker coal have upset everything. Ships are being laid up in the North-eastern ports, and many vessels are being diverted to Germany and the United States. The Board of Trade returns for February are very good, but the March figures are bound to show a tremendous drop, and this may prove the beginning of a long decline.

ELECTRIC SUPPLY COMPANIES.

The accounts of the electricity supply companies, which have been issued recently, show that, as a whole, their positions are improving. A few years ago the increase in the efficiency of gas-lighting, and the economies in the manufacture of gas, seemed as if they might seriously hinder the extension of the use of electricity. But the metallic

filament lamp has proved nearly as great an improvement in electric-lighting as did the incandescent mantle in gas-lighting, though by its economy of current it was not an unmixed blessing to the supply companies. More light, however, is now being used, and the companies are rapidly increasing their outputs. For 1911 three London companies have raised their dividends, as the following dividend record of the largest supply companies shows:—

	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	Yield. £ s. d.
Brompton & Kensington ...	10	10	10	10	10	10	5 14 3
Charing Cross & W. End ...	5	5	5	5	5	5	5 17 9
City of London ...	6	6	7	7	8	8	5 15 3
County of London ...	5	5	5	5	6	6	0 0 0
London Electric Supply ...	4	2½	3	2	2	2½	4 9 0
Metropolitan ...	8	6½	5½	5	5	4	5 10 3
Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	8	8	2½	4	4	—	6 0 0
St. James's & Pall Mall ...	10	10	10	10	10	10	6 1 3
South London ...	3	4	4	5	5	5	6 13 3
Westminster ...	12	10	10	10	10	10	5 19 6

All these are London concerns, except the Newcastle-on-Tyne company. That company increased its capital some four years ago, and the experiment has not been very successful up to the present. Trade on the North-east coast, however, has been better lately; the company paid a higher interim dividend, and the final dividend now due may raise the rate for the year to 4½ or 5 per cent. Of the London companies, the London Electric's fluctuating record was caused by the loss of the L.C.C. tramways contract, but this has been made good by the contracts with the Brighton Railway for its electrified lines. The prospects of all the companies are now clouded by the coal strike. Most of them have coal enough for a fortnight or three weeks, and some for longer periods. If, therefore, the strike is settled in time to ensure a continuity of supply, they will be but little affected by the strike; but if they are forced to cut down their output, a temporary fall in the market prices of their shares may occur. Some of the shares return attractive yields at present prices, and are bargains at anything below them. County of London, City of London, and Westminsters give a return of nearly 6 per cent. The Westminster works economically, and makes ample depreciation allowances. The want of these allowances in the past in one or two other instances is the cause of their now being in less favorable positions than they ought to be.

SOME INSURANCE FIGURES.

The Prudential, which is the greatest of all the industrial life insurance companies, has issued its report this week. The figures again show a substantive improvement, indicating that the company's credit is as strong as ever it was. The number of industrial policies in force has increased by nearly 200,000, and the premiums received during the year in this branch were £205,091 more than in the previous year. In the ordinary branch the increase in premium income was not so great, but the new assurances reached the substantial sum of £5,396,721, which is much above the average for British offices. Another interesting report is that of the Britannic, whose progress is steady. This company's ordinary branch is not unimportant, but the bulk of its business is industrial, and in that section the premium income is £22,890 more than last year, at £985,432. The improvement in the company's position, however, will show more in the future as its internal reserves are being built up steadily. The valuation this year shows a surplus of £84,300, after applying £81,000 in increasing the stringency of the valuation bases; £15,000 of this surplus is added to investment reserve and £5,000 to staff pension fund, and of the remaining surplus, £47,203 is applied in distribution of a bonus of 30s. per cent. per annum on all participating policyholders. The Scottish Widows is an office undertaking "ordinary" life business only, and it is one of the oldest British offices. The new assurances issued during 1911 were 4,009 for £2,538,472. Of this sum, £135,500 was re-assured, and the balance represents the largest amount of net assurance granted in any year. It will be observed that the average amount of each policy is above £600, indicating the good quality of the business secured. The funds of the society rose by £635,203, making the total amount £20,875,599 at the end of the year.

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APPEALS.

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LONDON POSITIVIST SOCIETY, Essex Hall, Essex Street. 7
Mr. F. J. Gould, "Current Realisations of the Positivist Spirit."

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The Directors have great pleasure in presenting the Statement of Accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1911.

A substantial Increase in Income has been accompanied by a gratifying Decrease in the ratio of Expenditure, and the Funds have been strengthened by the addition of £303,967, the largest increase ever reported in any year of the Company's history.

Premium Income:—The Premium Income in respect of Life Assurance amounted to £1,217,258. The Total Premium Income amounted to £1,223,673.

Total Income:—The Gross Income from all sources amounted to £1,343,207.

Accumulated Funds.—The Accumulated Funds, inclusive of capital paid up, now amount to £2,973,854.

Claims Paid:—The Claims paid during the year amounted to £587,332, and included £136,609 paid under Maturing Endowment and Endowment Assurance Policies.

Total Claims Paid:—The Total Claims paid by the Company up to the 31st December, 1911, amounted to £8,159,790.

ORDINARY BRANCH. The Premium Income for the year amounted to £231,826. The Claims Paid in this Branch during the year amounted to £117,310.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH. The Premium Income for the year amounted to £985,432. The Claims Paid during the year in this Branch amounted to £470,022.

ANNUAL VALUATION. The Annual Valuation of the Company's Policy Liabilities made by the Consulting Actuary, Mr. Thomas G. Ackland, F.I.A., F.F.A., shows a gross surplus of £84,300.

The Directors have again declared a Reversionary Bonus of 30/- per cent. for the year to all participating policyholders in the Immediate Profit classes, and made adequate provision for the policyholders in the Accumulated Profit Classes.

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